LOOKING FORWARD

AMERICANS who are genuinely interested in peace and in substituting international arbitration for international war must view with mixed feelings the tangle of events culminating in the signing and ratification of the London Treaty for naval limitation.

BEGINNING at Geneva in 1927 in an argument between naval experts, the discussion ended in 1930 as a compromise between political leaders and more naval experts—none of whom was completely satisfied—in London, Tokio and Washington. Since the critics of the treaty in every country have all agreed that the opposition won the argument, the chances are it is a fair treaty considered from the standpoint of the next war.

ARMAMENTS between the three nations involved are fairly allocated. Britain and Japan already have practically their share. America by spending a billion dollars more can have her share. Meanwhile, France and Italy remain outside, free to upset this limitation at any time. The main large result of all this is the elimination of the talk of war between this country and Great Britain, and a temporary limitation of the race for armaments. That is all. Perhaps it is worth a billion dollars.

CONSIDERED as a genuine step towards peace, nevertheless, such an agreement is, of course, a weak and feeble thing. In fact, such an agreement has in principle nothing to do with peace. It has to do with war. Yet the difficulties which have attended even its consummation should serve as a dramatic exposition of just how far away our political leaders, and probably their constituents, still are from real international peace and good-will. The world today remains an armed camp just as it was in 1914. People who are interested in arriving at genuine peace must accept that fact as a basis for all their efforts. Nothing else satisfactorily explains the pother and talk in the Senate about a treaty which upon close investigation proves to be nothing to write home about.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Harper's Weekly

J. HAMILTON LEWIS

As a lieutenant-colonel in the Washington National Guard

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

July 30, 1930

Pink Whiskers in Illinois

Portrait of James Hamilton Lewis

By ROBERT CRUISE McMANUS

Preparations are being made for another Battle of the Century; this time at Chicago. The campaign for United States Senator from Illinois promises to be hard and brisk, with prohibition as the leading issue. Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick is dry and a Republican. Former Senator Lewis, whose dimming pink whiskers have long been famous, is Democratic and wet. He is, as Mr. McManus shows, a great many things in addition

IN ILLINOIS they are warming over the old jokes, for the fading pink whiskers of James Hamilton Lewis wave defiance once more at the intrenched forces of Republicanism. It is he, Jim Ham the suave, the maroon-spatted Defender of Ladies, whom Democracy has burdened with the job of keeping Mark Hanna's strong-minded daughter out of the United States Senate, and on the entire political stage this fall there will be no prettier act than that in which the once "greatest dude in the U. S." tries to bow himself back into the seat slipped from under him twelve years ago by the husband of her whom he now opposes.

It is the very champagne of situations. Lewis is Democratic and wet, Ruth Hanna McCormick Republican and dry, while the state is emphatically Republican in her favor and emphatically wet in his. Lewis, a veteran wheelhorse who began his career when purity in politics was called "an iridescent dream," has been twice sought by the better element in both parties to head the fight against corruption; Mrs. McCormick, a gentlewoman, whose sex was going to stamp out graft as soon as it got the vote, plays ball with "Big Bill" Thompson, Mayor of Chicago and head of the most odoriferous vote-getting machine in the country. She took $250,000 out of her own pocket to win the nomination, while J. Ham spent $35.

"THUS," says he, sympathizing with the opposition in that considerate way of his, "I am the only legal candidate."

Against the sinister, machine-gun, Illinois background, he stands forth like an eccentric leftover from the last century, when men indulged their peculiarities at greater leisure. With all his urbanity, the air of the mining camp dandy clings to him still, and his very nickname, Jim Ham, has the generous ring of an echo from the Whittling Era. In the present instance, however, his party could not have chosen a more adroit leader. He had scarcely stepped into the ring before he put his free-swinging female opponent on the defensive; his chance of victory is better than any Democrat's in his state since he himself became a Senator eighteen years ago. The W.C.T.U., seized with a sudden chill, finds him a strong candidate for the forthcoming presidential nomination if he carries Illinois this fall.

One is sobered, however, by the thought that to do this he must upset a majority which ranges somewhere between two hundred thousand and half a million.

The charm of James Hamilton Lewis lies in the difficulty of determining how often his tongue is in his cheek. Twenty-five or thirty years ago most writers, blinded by the rays flashing out from beneath his chin and lulled to sleep by his lyrelike tenor, referred to him only with bantering miscomprehension, unable to perceive the shrewdness at the bottom of his character. Even today the solemn, Democratic New York *Times* welcomes his return to politics with an editorial entitled "Hark, Hark, the Lark," which quotes the remark of the late Sumner Curtis that Lewis' speeches would sound as well if read backwards. But Mark Sullivan, able standard-bearer of the Republican press, who thinks twice before he speaks and three times when tempted by superlatives, says of him: "James Hamilton Lewis has as shrewd an insight into other people's thoughts as any human being now upon the face of this earth."

THERE is a veil, cast by his own hands, about the very date of J. Ham's birth. Back in Washington Territory forty years ago, when he sought his first political office in the Territorial Senate, a group of female prohibitionists tried to head him off with the cry that he had not yet reached the legal senatorial age. Through the whiskers he had raised to conceal his boyish countenance, he replied that he was born in 1862, a fiction that prevailed for many years until his mother interposed with the reasonable objection that she had not been married then. So he hushed the matter up, keeping even *Who's Who* in the dark, and now, with Mrs. McCormick publicly advertising her fiftieth birthday, her male opponent remains as coyly ageless as a wrinkling prima donna.

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"I would like to overtake the age matter," he confides, "and get rid of my beard, but if I did I would have to be introduced anew to a million people."

It is probable that he was born in 1866, making him sixty-four, which, as Senators go, is not old. At any rate, we know that his birth was poor but honest and that it occurred in Danville, Virginia. Within a few years his father, a Confederate veteran, shopkeeper and occasional policeman, moved the family to Augusta, Georgia, where the son entered the world of affairs as an office boy. Nursing ambition, he ran away from home and landed in Savannah, where we find him washing the traditional dish and studying law under a relative of the woman he later married.

His appealing personality won its first victory here when a group of older men, struck by the boy's charm and persuaded of his talents, pooled their modest savings to send him off to the University of Virginia. Dollars were rare in the South of those days, though, and his education was a zigzag affair, obtained in snatches at Virginia, Ohio Northern, Baylor University and Houghton College. He could never stay long enough to get a degree, but it is reassuring to be able to report that this did not prevent him from becoming the president of a Chicago law school many years later. However, with what equipment he had, he made up his mind to go West.

"I'm going out to Washington to be the first governor of the state," announced the young J. Ham, bidding his boss goodbye.

Before the reader pauses to smile, he might observe that Lewis very nearly made that boast good, for in 1892 he was offered the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. He refused because the platform conflicted with his views on a long-forgotten question known as "the ditch issue."

On the way to Washington he paused at San Francisco to work as a newspaper reporter for eight dollars a week, but reached Spokane at last and within twenty-four hours had made his unblushing presence known with a piece of spell-binding that warmed the hearts of a group of citizens come together in crude, nineteenth century fashion to boost the home town. His words were still echoing through the streets when he moved on to Seattle, determined to boost indiscriminately until the whole West touched the sky about which Mr. Zane Grey has been so often lyric. There were no meetings scheduled in Seattle, however, so he had to struggle as a dockhand while growing the historic beard behind which he tiptoed his adolescent way to the bar. But a lawyer cannot live without clients.

With his shingle out, he had to attract business to his office or starve, so he did it in characteristic fashion. Attired in

Keystone

J. HAM LEWIS

the most outlandish riding habit available, the erstwhile dockhand curled his whiskers in every conceivable direction, draped himself athwart a Seattle charger and danced through the streets every afternoon like a rainbow, bowing to all whom he met. The trick worked; his practice began to flourish and he delivered the goods so well that Jim Ham was scarcely out of his teens before he represented the United States in a Customs dispute with Canada, the first of a long series of international negotiations which has since taken him throughout the world. No longer need his whiskers aid him, for his reputation as a lawyer is well established.

MEANWHILE we find him flying back to Savannah in the rôle of The Boy Who Made Good. From his headquarters in the town's most expensive hotel suite he summoned a coach and, equipped with a bag of gold coin, drove through the streets with the stealth of a circus parade seeking those old friends whose money had given him his start. The tour was a masterpiece of accumulating glory; before he returned West he had bought the old homestead for his father and mother and married Rose Lawton Douglas, the brilliant daughter of an "oldest family."

Now he was in politics for fair. In 1892, during his term as Democratic leader of the Territorial Senate, came the gubernatorial nomination, which he refused, but four years later, as William Jennings Bryan rose to discuss the monetary situation with the cool detachment of a revivalist preacher, Lewis' friends put him forward for Vice-President, though he was not yet old enough to hold legally such an office.

He has been an almost quadrennial candidate for the nomination ever since, reaching the peak of his achievement thirty years ago, when he polled 110 votes.

In 1896, with Washington a state, the minstrel-garbed figure of Lewis appeared in the House of Representatives, to the delight of space-writers from one end of the country to the other. He was joyously accused of having an "undulant glide," of perfuming his whiskers, of making his own neckties. While soberer legislators, clad in Bryanesque black, labored in jealous obscurity, Jim Ham became a national figure merely because of the violence of his coloring. America was ending an epoch in a burst of opulence and he was the perfect symbol for the lavish exaggerations of its humorists.

Jim Ham's extraordinary display undoubtedly sprang partly from a desire to advertise, but it must also have come from a simple, almost primitive vanity which could only be expressed by this sartorial gorgeousness. Its very profusion often defeated him, for when he introduced his first resolution, to expedite legislation by weakening the power of Speaker "Czar" Reed, he was met with a chorus of editorial jeers. The measure, a necessary one, did not pass until many years later.

"That garrulous rainbow," Tom Reed called him. He changed his mind, though, and the two, drawn together by a common love of literature, became great friends. Once, when the Czar received a letter written in Greek he turned it over

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to Lewis and got a translation the next day from the former intercollegiate law student. At the Capitol, where so many punches are pulled, where legislators spend the afternoon denouncing one another before the galleries and then depart arm in arm for dinner, Jim Ham was always a favorite.

It was he who introduced in the House the resolution recognizing Cuban independence and when we went to war with Spain he became a lieutenant colonel in the Washington National Guard. He had his picture taken in full uniform, striking a magnificent, down-stage attitude with a rousing battle-cry about to burst from his lips, and this was twice reproduced by the unfeeling *Harper's Weekly;* once when he declaimed against "tasselated military satraps and gilded society sapheads," and again when he attacked McKinley's "imperialism" in China. He came in for some more journalistic joshing later as attorney for the Beet Sugar Trust, for in Congress he had been a great Bryan man, full of affection for the people and agitation over public ownership.

But Ham, aware that the memory of the voter is short, has ever passed off such chaffing with a graceful, Delsartian movement of the wrist.

Between his retirement from the House in 1898 and his reappearance as a Senator in 1913, his politics were mostly localized, while his legal practice sent him all over the globe, most sensationally as counsel for a group of crystal-gazing American investors who had put their money in a Trans-Siberian Railway which proposed to tunnel the Bering Straits and run through trains from New York to Paris. These travels of his seem to have served chiefly in convincing him that the country is in imminent and constant danger, and from time to time he has warned us that Russia planned to seize Alaska, that Japan was after the Philippines, that England, France and Germany wanted Mexico and that "within four years" (after 1920) Germany, Russia, England and Japan would be shooting at us from every side. Against England he has been especially philippic, and in the stormy days after the War espoused the cause of Irish independence at every opportunity, even advocating our entry into the League of Nations if by so doing we could help Ireland.

Anglophobia is a great thing in Illinois—where Lewis moved thirty years ago—for out there the warning of Paul Revere has never ceased to ring in the ears of the taxpayers.

In 1905, only a short time after he had been a resident, he was elected Chicago's corporation counsel and kept on the front page with an exhausting war against tax dodgers which sent him once to the hospital. In another fight he defied the injunction of a local judge by bringing suit against certain individuals and making himself liable to sixty days in jail for contempt of court. Before the ax fell, however, he dropped the suit. Between his two terms at Washington the corporation counselship was his only public office, though he ran once for governor and was always in the minds of the politicians for one job or another.

Keystone

RUTH HANNA McCORMICK

The days in the Senate were his greatest. After the Wilson landslide the Democrats were in control and Lewis was chosen majority whip, the first ever to hold that position in the Senate. Within a month after he took the oath he was asking for government ownership of railroads and introducing a resolution inspired by the President himself to combine the Federal Reserve Board, Interstate Commerce and Federal Trade Commissions in a "National Commission of Commerce and Industry." Sent to London for a conference on sea law, he addressed the American Club and denounced Great Britain with the statement that she was deliberately inciting Mexico to war with us. When the murder at Sarajevo forestalled his all-European invasion, J. Ham rushed forward on many another front. "The government has reached the end of our yesterdays and there is no longer any need of a state government," he said once, and again: "In war-time the Constitution is temporarily suspended." As peace negotiations began, he asked the Senate to approve "whatever course may be taken by the President" in advance!

Behind these smoky fulminations we find him opposing censorship of the press and courageously attacking his own constituency in a speech at New York, where he said: "There is just one thing that has served as an obstacle to placing America in the position before the world which it is just that she should occupy, and that is the West. . . . Go to the people whom I represent in the Senate and educate them to the understanding that they are not the enemies of New York and the great cities of the Atlantic coast." Two of his finest speeches on the floor, "The Price of Peace," a reply to German feelers for an end to hostilities, and "The World's Right to Democracy," an extension of the Wilson viewpoint, were reproduced in full by a current magazine as authoritative expressions of national policy.

And then there is that other address in which he asked the clerk of the Senate to drop the J from his name, so that he might be known no longer by the too-familiar "J. Ham."

There are no better examples of James Hamilton Lewis' bi-focal legislative inclinations than those given by his two utterances on the subject of national prohibition. In 1920, in response to a newspaper query as to his views on the question, he replied in the following concise memorandum: "I favor a provision of the [Democratic] platform which restores all matters of legislation as to control of family, habits of persons and private conduct of human beings to those localities wherein these habits or conduct is to be exercised and where none of these habits or conduct requires the co-operation of any other state for the execution of any laws or

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▶▶ Deutschland über Alles ◀◀

By HIRAM MOTHERWELL

ON JUNE thirtieth last the World War, begun in 1914, came to an end. On that date the last French troops departed from the Rhineland and the military occupation of foreign soil under the peace treaties came to an end[1].

The last of the War clouds being now dissipated, we can for the first time observe clearly what the new Europe is like—in other words, what are the concrete results of the War.

Europe at peace! This picture presents many ironies. It does not in the least look like any Europe which any body had planned or desired. The War was waged, on the part of the principal Entente belligerents, chiefly to remove the menace of a predominant Germany, which was well on the way toward achieving the balance of power in Europe. From this point of view the War was, in its immediate object, completely successful. Germany was more thoroughly defeated than any other large nation in modern history. She was virtually disarmed, denuded of all transferable wealth, and loaded with debt for three generations. Yet this defeated Germany, without army, navy or money, now holds the balance of power in the new Europe!

Greatest irony of all, Great Britain, which had held that balance for three centuries, and victoriously fought to retain it, has, as a result of the War, definitely lost it. The reason, of course, is economic rather than military, but is none the less cogent. Great Britain depends upon her foreign trade to feed herself: no exports, no food. But the War greatly stimulated industrial expansion in Britain's allies, in her former enemies, and even in her dominions and colonies. It slid America into the high gear of mass production. In other words, it hastened by perhaps two or three decades the disintegration of that industrial and commercial supremacy upon which England's greatness was built. The very magnificence of the superstructure increases the peril; a permanent army of between one and two million unemployed are eating at Britain's reserves.

ON THE military side, the War stimulated the development of airplanes, submarines and poison gas to the point where the effectiveness of Great Britain's supreme navy becomes entirely problematical. No longer does a battleship at a critical spot suffice to settle the question. Battleships can be torpedoed, cities can be bombarded or gassed, and even Gibraltar can perhaps be shattered. Just how much Britain's navy is worth as a political weapon cannot be known. Let us pray that Britain may never, by the test of war, find out.

Great Britain, for several years after the War, took her fling at playing Continental politics, as in the old days. The result was perilous and appears to have been definitely repudiated as unsatisfactory. Great Britain's major policy now is, and must henceforth be, friendship with the United States. This is not to say that she has no influence on the Continent; but she realizes the peril of pushing that influence to the point of commitments which might involve her in war. The luxury of deciding the fate of Europe by nodding to the right or to the left is henceforth denied her.

Nor has France, supreme on land as Great Britain theoretically is on sea, inherited that balance of power from her. For the potential supremacy of France rested on that other half of the French military system, Czarist Russia. With that Russia now only a legend or a bad dream, France has become a relatively small nation at an extreme end of the Continent, far out of striking distance of the critical spots in Europe. To take Russia's place in her system, she fabricated a set of alliances in Eastern Europe, including the Little Entente and Poland. But these small nations are set in the midst of potential enemies. Only in a highly favorable political alignment would they be effective as a military aid to France.

IT IS Germany, now liberated from military duress, who is today free to nod to right or to left. Germany is economically and geographically the center of Europe. It is over her territories that armies must march if the East and the West are to join forces. It is her industrial reserves which must be assured to any European nation contemplating war. It is her support and consent in the League of Nations that is necessary if Europe is to act in concert against an "aggressor."

Germany, acting either through the League or independently, may throw her support in any one of three direc-

1. An exception should be made for the small Saar district, the evacuation of which is now being negotiated.

German Tourist Information Office

RHINE RIVER FRONT AT MAINZ

This photograph and the others in this article are scenes in the recently evacuated Rhine districts

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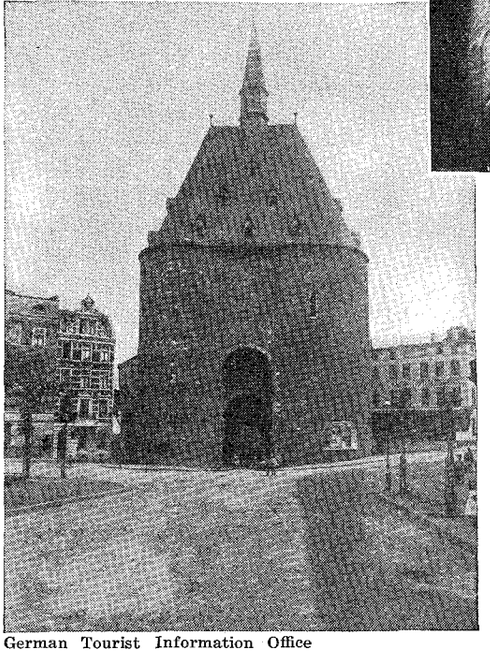
tions—little or much, as the circumstances suggest. Mussolini's plans for imperial aggrandizement depend on her acquiescence, even more than on Great Britain's. For the Duce cannot take a defiant attitude toward France (dare not, for example, lord it in the Balkans) until he is assured that in case of a conflict he can get industrial materials from Germany and food via Germany. On the other hand, Italy is stalemated if Germany promises her industrial materials to France in such a conflict, and, in case of need, free transit for French armies to the support of the Little Entente. France's position in the greater part of Europe and France's successful manipulation of the League become secure by Germany's consent.

Yet Germany may also look to the East. She may undertake to build up Soviet Russia as an industrial power. And, as every chamber of commerce in Europe knows by now, a strong industrial Russia, free to export her products at or below cost, could disrupt the business of the Continent.

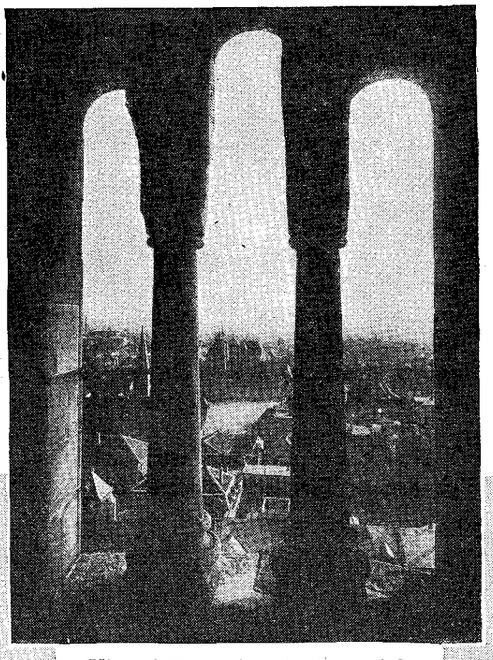


German Tourist Information Office

A grim remnant of the fortifications of Aachen (Aix la Chapelle) Germany.

(Sweden, in the little matter of matches, recently had a taste of Russia's power.) The supreme needs of Russia at the moment are industrial materials, credit, and technical experts. All three, Germany is in a position to supply.

But Germany's position is strong not only because of what she can do but also because of what she can refrain from doing. If she refrains from throwing her support toward France (for example, by voting for a French thesis in the League) she can exact her price from Italy. If she indicates a cold neutrality toward Mussolini's expansionist schemes, she can exact her price from France. If she refrains from throwing active support to Stalin's five-year industrialization program, she can exact her price from all capitalist Europe. It is not only in case of a threatened war that Germany's friendship will be at a premium, but in all those daily moves on the chess-board of politics which determine the ultimate strength or weakness of the potential antagonists.



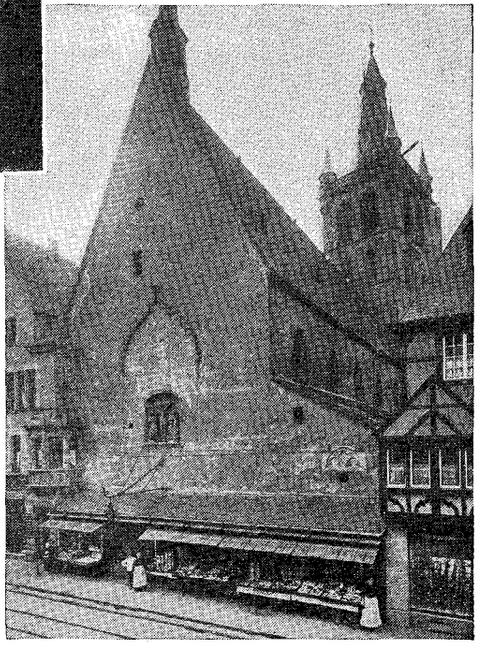
View of Worms from the tower of the Cathedral

What, then, is Germany likely to do with her new power? Nothing spectacular. That is precisely the strength of her position; she can get much of what she wants without risking any perilous show-down. The mystery of steadily growing Germany throughout the next decade will be a mystery only to those who look for decisive events solely in first-page headlines.

Germany does not want to adopt exclusively any of the three possible policies here outlined. Her supreme interest is to preserve peace and foster her trade. Her tactics will be to nod graciously, but somewhat distantly, in three directions at once. A little here and a little there; not enough to strengthen one unduly against another; if possible not enough to arouse jealousy anywhere. Just enough to keep everybody equal and continually asking favors. That is the ideal position for a country holding the balance of power.

WHAT ARE the favors which Germany will ask in return for those granted (beyond equal or preferential commercial treatment)? They are well known: the restoration of the Danzig Corridor and of Upper Silesia, and the eventual *Anschluss* with Austria. And ever and always, general disarmament down to the German level.

Getting these things peacefully (which means getting them without risking catastrophe) will require the maintenance of peace, political and social, in Europe for several decades to come. Most neutral observers would agree that if Germany can, by manipulating her balance of power, maintain the peace and avert that general political shake-up which Mussolini has predicted for the period 1935-40, she will inevitably get the Corridor and Silesia, and eventually the *Anschluss*. It is in the logic of the situation.



A picturesque part of Old-Trier as it looks today.

The German militarists and monarchists would like to see a European war and make these things conditions of Germany's support or benevolent neutrality. But the present German democratic régime, and the German people generally, are in no mood to play with

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Twilight of the Metropolitan

ANONYMOUS

THE old yellow building on Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway which houses the Metropolitan Opera Company still stands. During the past five years a half dozen plans for a new structure have been suggested, discussed, and discarded. Desirable as a more sightly edifice would be, there are those who believe that future renovation should not be confined to the exterior. More important than a new building would be new activity within the walls of the Metropolitan. In other words, great performances would be acceptable in any auditorium. Mediocre performances will seem only more so in a beautiful, new structure.

Reviewing a list of the winter's forty-four operas one is impressed by its routine character. To be sure the return of Mr. Bodanzky to his old post of conductor resulted in excellent performances of Wagner and the best *Rosenkavalier* performances he has ever given us; the singing of Elisabeth Rethberg was frequently exquisite; the conducting of Tullio Serafin, including his Holy Week *Parsifal,* was for the most part praiseworthy; and in some seven rôles a high standard of excellence was achieved by Rosa Ponselle. But admirable as these things were, they do not constitute a brilliant season in such a large music center as New York. Nor does the most famous house in the world honor itself by presenting a time-worn list of works with casts which all too often left much to be desired.

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

FOOTLIGHTS
Drypoint by Troy Kinney

The Metropolitan season got off to a bad start. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, most astute of managers and a man who knows his job thoroughly, must have yielded last spring to criticism of conductor Bodanzky's routine waving of the baton over German repertoire, because the latter suddenly announced that he would leave the Metropolitan and thenceforth devote himself exclusively to his beloved and loving Friends of Music. A new conductor of German repertoire had to be secured and with the autumn there arrived Josef Rosenstock, a conductor of opera at Wiesbaden. The appearance of Herr Rosenstock, a promising but not particularly experienced conductor, caused much speculation among the musical fraternity. From what happened during the few weeks he conducted one can only conclude that Mr. Gatti's selection was ill advised. The writer did not hear his opening *Meistersinger* nor his *Rosenkavalier;* he did hear his *Walküre* and declared himself at the time as very much in favor of it. It was a better *Walküre* than Mr. Bodanzky had done in a long time. One felt, however, that the artists who had sung the work with Mr. Bodanzky over a period of fifteen years resented all departures from the so-called Bodanzky interpretation, faulty as some of us know that interpretation to have been.

Newspaper reviewers were quick to pronounce Herr Rosenstock entirely unsatisfactory. Indeed they were quite bitter about it and demanded that something be done. The unfortunate visitor, deeply wounded by the harshness of his reception, and on the verge of a nervous breakdown, promptly withdrew from the field of battle, furnishing a medical certificate to support his abdication. He returned to Germany and was at once appointed chief conductor of the opera house at Mannheim, whence fifteen years ago Mr. Bodanzky, Austrian born, passed through British lines on the way to our Metropolitan.

Virtually in mid-season grand opera in general and the Metropolitan in particular became a subject of controversy in the press. Eminent singers such as Galli-Curci and Madame Alda declared that opera was on the decline, and from the Continent came word of a "culture crisis" and a "turning away from the beautiful in life." Opera at the Metropolitan was widely criticized for shoddy settings, dull repertoire, and indifferent singing. The New York *Times,* on February 16, published an article by T. R. Ybarra in which he quoted Gatti-Casazza as saying that the plight of opera was attributable to a lack of genius and sincerity on the part of composers, who had no vitality and nothing to say. He indicated that the renascence of a Verdi or a Richard Wagner would resuscitate an ailing art. Three weeks later Gatti issued a long statement to the *Times* in which he denied that opera was dying. In fact, things were not in a bad way at all; a general creative crisis, inevitable and understandable, had added to the Metropolitan's difficulties of coping with a huge repertoire, an "antiquated" stage, and "mounting" costs. Mr. Gatti reminded the world that repertoire was for the delight of the public, not musical cognoscenti, that his personal choices would be quite different. In short, people still loved opera and were showing their devotion as never before.

Romain Rolland makes Jean Christophe say that life is not hard, that only moments in life are hard. This is readily paralleled in the history of the development of art. There have been times long before the twentieth century when opera managers had to seek new works for their audiences, when they had to scour the earth for singers to take the places of those who had become superannuated. Mr. Gatti's researches have shown him the truth of

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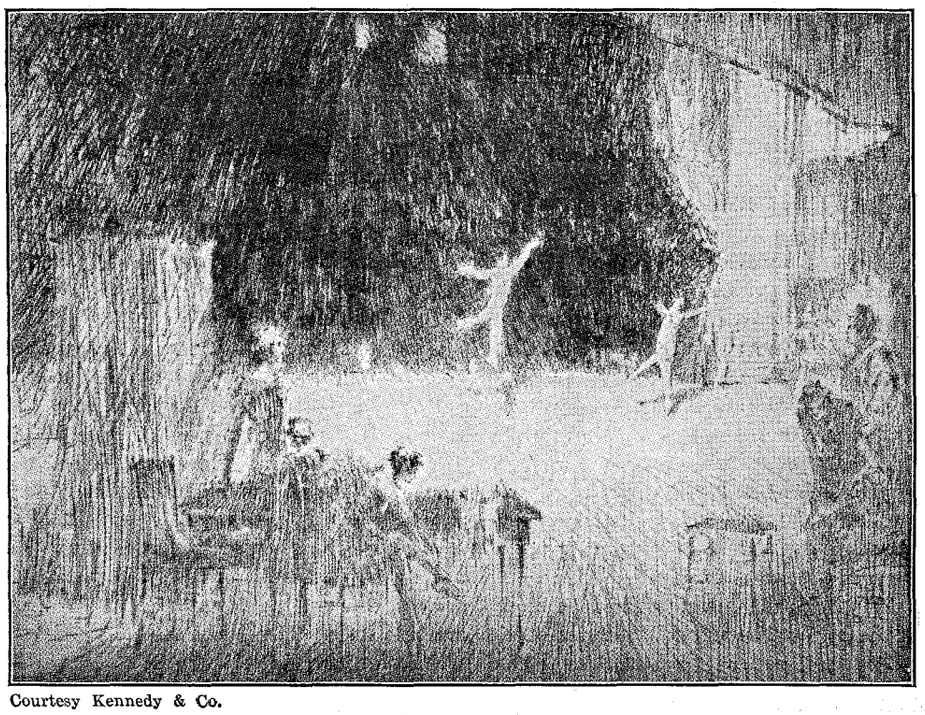
this. His problem is not a new one. He has applied himself, we like to think, assiduously to the task of hearing new singers and obtaining new works for his repertoire. That he has not succeeded in finding more gems of purest ray serene is deplorable, for never before has the public shown so much apathy to the Metropolitan. With the exception of the Wagner operas which, by their indubitable greatness rather than by the performances have attracted throngs of genuine music lovers, attendance has shown a decrease. Subscription seats which include a large percentage of the house were sold as usual, but in the matter of standees—an infallible indication of opera popularity—the falling off was frequently marked.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

REHEARSAL
Drypoint by Troy Kinney

THE policy of an institution such as the Metropolitan, whose purpose is an avowedly artistic one, should not allow expense to influence it in engaging the finest artists for its singers, conductors, stage directors and scenic artists. The Metropolitan is too important a lyric stage to countenance such singing as its two leading German tenors offered until the final weeks of the season, when Lauritz Melchior arrived in America to sing some of the heroic Wagner rôles. Mr. Melchior should be here all season. There is also a tenor in Germany named Richard Tauber whom we have every right to hear.

Frida Leider, Elisabeth Schumann, now a mature artist, Lotte Schoene, Lotte Lehmann and a half a dozen others whose merits are unquestioned should have been brought to the Metropolitan. Gifted youngsters, capable of interpreting important rôles in a finished manner, should be engaged immediately to fill the places of those who gave such sorry exhibitions last season.

The conducting staff of the Metropolitan compared with the singers is eminently worthy, but, to face the facts, Arturo Toscanini, who came to the Metropolitan with Mr. Gatti, should be general musical director rather than conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony. Mr. Toscanini, superb as he has shown himself to be in the rôle of interpreter of much of the world's greatest symphonic music, is first and foremost an operatic conductor, as we who have heard him at the Metropolitan and at La Scala in Milan have reason to know. During his Metropolitan days we listened to performances which have never been rivaled. German conductors, such as Bruno Walter, Erich Kleiber, Wilhelm Furtwaengler and Otto Klemperer, to mention only four noteworthy names, can be secured in New York, to say nothing of a Viennese *regisseur* named Dr. Lothar Wallerstein, who would give us a *Fidelio* revival such as New York music lovers have dreamed of!

And what shall we say of a theatre which, in the year 1930, presents operas with scenery which recalls colored picture post cards and with a literalness that is at best Victorian? In a time when the influence of the color scheme and modernistic designs of Leon Bakst, new in the days of the Diaghileff *Ballet Russe*, has made itself felt in the decorative scheme of the show windows of Fifth Avenue shops and in the advertisements of the country's nationally manufactured products, the old-fashioned scenic investitures of a Josef Urban, thoroughly architectural in a Charlottenburg apartment house manner, hold little in the way of allurement for contemporary audiences. By contrast, that operatic infant, the American Opera Company, which gave a short season across the street from the Metropolitan, preached a powerful sermon, with its imaginative scenery conceived by Robert Edmond Jones. The Wagner operas cry out for new settings. Yet, when new sets from time to time have been made for these works, the contemporary feeling seems to have been steadfastly ignored.

French opera has for many years been presented to us all too unauthentically. This year's *Louise* revival was eloquent proof. One can hardly conceive of a performance less in the spirit of this delightful score, which Mary Garden carried to such success in the old Manhattan Opera House days. The fascinating Miss Bori gave a thoroughly Italianiate interpretation of the French sewing girl, quite the poorest delineation of any part she has undertaken, and Mr. Hasselmans, conductor of the French repertoire, seemed quite unable to capture even an iota of the fragrance of this spontaneous music, to say nothing of his inability to unite his artists in a well balanced ensemble. If *Louise* is to remain in the Metropolitan repertoire —and it should—it must be recast completely next season. Mr. Toscanini's *Louise* revival several years ago at La Scala was a seven days' wonder. Nothing can be more false than to contend that a French conductor can do a French opera better than a fine conductor. Mr. Serafin could do things with *Louise;* he only needs the chance.

THE repertoire of an opera house that offers Italian, German and French music is the very life of the institution. Let singers bear in mind that the interpretative artist only begins after the composer has had his say. There can be

(Please Turn to Page 513)

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The Trend of Events

Investigating Communism

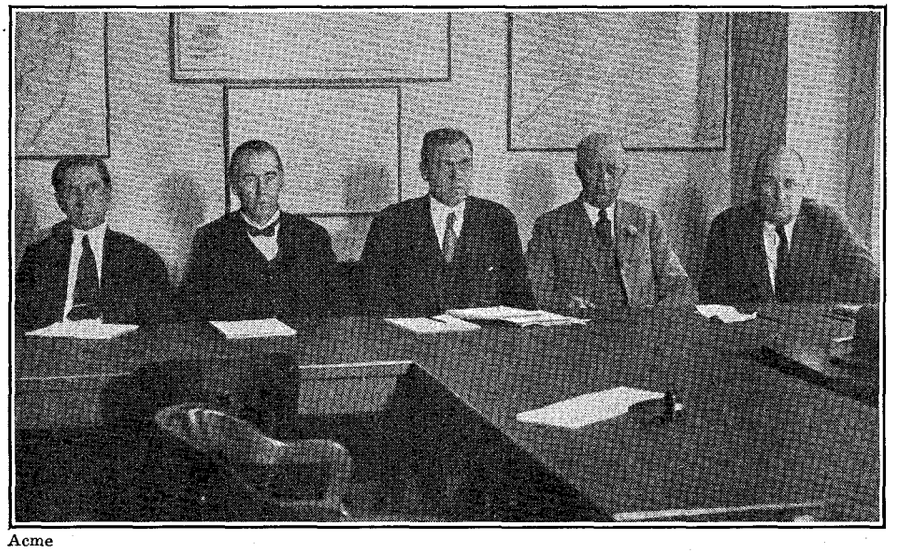
PATRIOT Ralph M. Easley, of the National Civic Federation, is probably the world's worst prophet. Before the Congressional committee of Red-menace-detectors, headed by Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., began its hearings in New York, Mr. Easley declared that the facts disclosed would arouse the American people out of "their false sense of security." As the hearings progressed, however, it became obvious that America had even less to worry about than had been originally supposed.

Witnesses who, during the first week of the inquiry, appeared before the committee to show that the American Communist movement is a serious problem ended by showing that it isn't. Save for charges involving the Amtorg Trading Corporation, which we shall review next week, the testimony was unimportant.

Take, for example, the much-discussed Communist agitation among school children, particularly in New York. Testimony by New York public school officials speedily revealed that, of the city's 810 schools, the Communists have invaded only three and that active Communist pupils average less than two to a school. But, said one of the witnesses, some of the teachers themselves have aided the Communists. How many? Oh, about five or six; three of them had already been dismissed. Were these teachers Communists? No, "but they teach the same stuff." Moreover, some children refused to take the oath of allegiance. How many? Well, in one school, where conditions were worst, of the 1,700 pupils those who refused to take the oath numbered about six.

Just as trivial was the testimony of Charles G. Wood, Commissioner of Conciliation in the Federal Department of Labor. Mr. Wood told how Communists had led a few labor disturbances. In one breath he found the situation bad enough to demand new punitive laws and the barring of the *Daily Worker*, Communist organ, from the mails. In the next breath he admitted that there are not more than 20,000 American Communists, that they are making no substantial inroads among native Americans or Negroes, that they find encouragement only where wages are low, working conditions poor and labor unorganized, and that "So far as [the Communists'] taking this country over, it's all poppycock."

Precisely. Yet alarmist authors and orators harp on the Communist hope of overthrowing our system of government as if it were a genuine possibility. Therein they fall into the folly of taking the Communist word for the Communist deed, of confusing Communist aims with Communist accomplishments. The aims, they shout, are appalling. The aecomplishments, they forget to add, are a good deal of a joke.



Acme

RED INVESTIGATORS

Representatives Hall of Mississippi, Eslick of Tennessee, Fish of New York, Nelson of Maine and Bachman of West Virginia

Chief Investigator

REPRESENTATIVE FISH has tackled his Communist investigation as vigorously as he captained the Harvard football team back in 1909. He bucked the bill authorizing this investigation through the House. He has plunged through Washington and New York in search of facts. He plans to sidestep through Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago and sweep down the Pacific Coast from Seattle to Los Angeles, with a change of pace at San Francisco and an end run into Arizona. His inquiry may not be over until, say, election time in his Republican district on the Hudson.

Mr. Fish has been aiming at a spectacular touchdown ever since he went to Washington in 1919. He fathered the bill to make the *Star Spangled Banner* our national anthem; the suggestion that President Coolidge jail all Americans who, while abroad, abuse our foreign policies; the proposal to stop rum-running by swapping our war debt claims for Britain's possessions in South America and the Caribbean. He has urged that our cruisers and marines be sent to aid the British in Palestine; that President Hoover restore the Army-Navy football game by calling a solemn conference of the War and Navy Secretaries and the superintendents of the two academies; that these schools be compelled to play by law and that Chris Cagle's departure from West Point be officially investigated. He thinks about football a lot.

Surely ancestry and training do not explain these goings-on. His great-grandfather was a friend of Alexander Hamilton's; his grandfather served as Senator, Governor and Secretary of State, his father as Congressman and Speaker of the New York Assembly. A tall, powerfully built, handsome chap, young Hamilton won the highest honors not only on the gridiron but in Harvard classrooms as well. Leaving Harvard Law School, he was elected to the State Legislature at the age of twenty-four and made a name as a progressive. During the War he was awarded a Croix de Guerre for bravery while leading Negro troops, and he returned from France a major. Forty-two years old, he has been mentioned as a possible candidate for Governor, even for Vice-President.

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For the side of him one might expect, consider his fight alongside Thomas Mott Osborne for prison relief; his pleas that New York Republicans support Governor Smith's legislative programs; his bill in Congress carrying $100,000,000 to starving Germans; his demands that Doheny, Sinclair and Fall be jailed. For the side one could not expect, consider his many boyish suggestions in the House, his hedging on prohibition, his statement that the life of one policeman is worth more than the lives of all the Communists combined. A strange mixture. It is hard to believe that his two sides make up one person.

▸▸*Enduring Youth*

THE YOUTH of America is at it again—riding bicycles, perching in trees, seesawing, rocking and flying kites in the effort to establish endurance records. In Hackensack, New Jersey, Jimmy Dooley and his three companions at the time of this writing had pedalled around a schoolhouse for about two weeks, covering approximately 5,000 miles. Bill Kearny of Kansas City had sat in a tree for about 200 hours. Dozens of other communities also had their juvenile sitters, cyclers, rockers or swingers.

Last summer, when Baltimore developed a rash of flagpole sitters, we chalked it up to youth's eternal craving for attention and self-expression, considering it no more important than the previous summer's epidemic of Helen Wills caps. We were too optimistic. When crowds strain at police ropes to cheer young bicycle riders, when merchants pay children to sit in trees opposite their shops, when parents encourage, bribe and even force their sons to participate in freak contests, and, as in one case, even retain lawyers to protect a child's right to sit in a tree, it is time to recognize juvenile endurance contests as part of the American scene.

How explain this craving to endure tortures of physical exertion, discomfort and exposure in order to establish a meaningless record? Have children nothing better to do in their holidays from school? Apparently not. Nor have their parents anything better to do in their spare time than to applaud their martyrdom. The problem is the familiar one of our growing leisure and what to do with it.

Remember that these children, if prophecies come true, will, as adults, have even more leisure than that now enjoyed by their parents. Should they not be preparing to make use of it? They should. Yet, on the very brink of discussing possible interests and hobbies by which children might be laying foundations for a rich and interesting life, we stop, aghast. Perhaps, preparing to use their future leisure is just exactly what they are doing.

▸▸*The Bootleg Industry*

EVERY NOW AND THEN the public is permitted to peek behind the scenes and note the enormous size of the bootleg

Acme

UP A TREE

David Hogan, endurance sitter of Minneapolis, being refueled by ground crew

business under prohibition. It had one such opportunity last October when the newspapers revealed that thirty-five simultaneous raids had been conducted on a high-pressure rum syndicate operating along the northeastern shore. The profits of this syndicate were estimated at about $4,000,000 annually. It owned not only a salesroom in New York City and storage vaults in New Jersey, but a wireless station used to direct the unloading of rum ships into motor boats running out of harbors on the New Jersey and Long Island coasts.

It was assumed at that time that this was a concern of uncommon size. It may not have been. It was also assumed that the syndicate used extraordinarily modern and efficient methods. This would be denied by Federal agents of the Departments of Commerce and Justice, stationed at New York. A week ago, these agents raided three more powerful secret sending stations on the tip of Long Island. Some of the seven prisoners taken were charged with conspiring to violate the prohibition laws, others with violating the Federal radio laws. All three stations are said to have been used to guide liquor-laden craft past the Coast Guard cutters to safety.

According to Arthur Batcheller, Federal radio supervisor, the raids of last week represent only the start of a campaign to wipe out a gigantic ring operating along the Atlantic Coast. "We believe," he says, "that there are more than ninety illicit radio sets in operation directing rum ships into safe harbors on Long Island and New Jersey." The radio experts are concerned not only because the owners of the sending stations are breaking the liquor laws but because they are supposed to send out fake S O S calls to divert the attention of the Coast Guard and because they are a menace to navigation. The general public, however, will be most interested in the fact that the sending stations are used in the illicit liquor business and that, according to Mr. Batcheller's own statement, there are more than ninety of them along the northeastern coast. Could there be a more striking illustration of the bootleg industry's appalling proportions?

▸▸*Unscrubbed Chicago*

"A VETERAN police reporter," says a recent Associated Press dispatch from Chicago, "after twenty-eight years of service with the old Chicago *Journal* and recently with the Chicago *Daily Times*, was discharged today because he admitted he held a partnership in a neighborhood speakeasy for six months three years ago."

It would not be surprising to hear that other Chicago reporters may follow this one into forced retirement. Chicago newspapers are nervous and suspicious of their own personnel. They have been ever since sensational and unanswered reports indicated that Alfred J. Lingle, murdered *Tribune* police reporter, had been a link between the police and the underworld. More specifically, they have been ever since Harry T. Brundidge of the St. Louis *Star* launched his investi-

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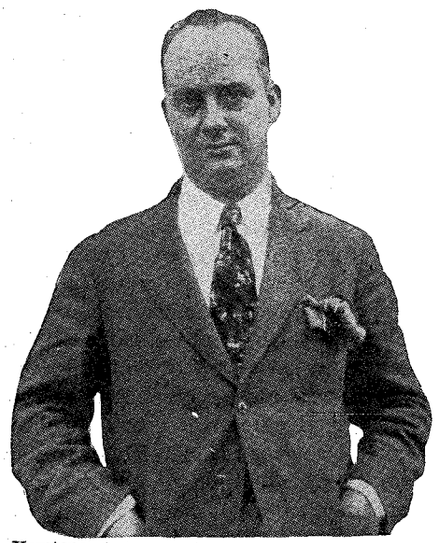
gation into the Chicago crime situation and began to publish his findings.

Brundidge believes that there is more



Keystone

STIRS UP CHICAGO
Harry T. Brundidge, reporter for the St. Louis "Star"

than one Lingle in Chicago journalism; that racketeering reporters are numerous. He even interviewed Scarface Al Capone, who, says Brundidge, told him that he had paid "plenty" of Chicago newspaper men. Capone has dismissed Brundidge's statements as "deliberate lies," but Brundidge sticks to his story. At any rate, the St. Louis reporter has told the details of his charges against Chicago press men before a Cook County grand jury.

For a time it seemed that this would not be the case. While Brundidge was willing to testify before a grand jury, his newspaper refused to let him be examined beforehand by State's Attorney Swanson, as the latter demanded. At length, on recommendation of Chief Justice Normoyle, the grand jury decided that Brundidge should be called and the examination by the State's Attorney omitted.

So we shall see what, if anything, we shall see when the grand jury submits its report. Meanwhile, Chicago newspapers are snarling at each other and particularly at the *Tribune*, which has been reprinting the articles by Brundidge. Their recent plan to co-operate in fighting gang, police and official viciousness is apparently all but forgotten. With a variety of side issues to distract attention, the possibility that Chicago will give itself the thorough scrubbing it so badly needs grows every day more remote.

▶▶*The Briand Plan*

French Foreign Minister Briand launched his project of a federated Europe in Geneva last September. Eight months later he sent twenty-six European nations his plan for such a federation, together with a questionnaire to bring out their opinions of it.

Their replies might have been foreseen. The customary procedure in such cases is to express delight at receiving an invitation to an international conference, to promise collaboration and then, perhaps, to insert a few realistic reservations. Unfortunately, these are often so circuitously phrased as to be meaningless to most readers. Who but a specialist would know that Germany, for instance, is demanding revision of the Versailles Treaty when she declares that "All attempts at an improvement of the political situation of Europe will be dependent upon the application of the principles of complete equality, equal security for all and the peaceful adjustment of the vital needs of all nations?"

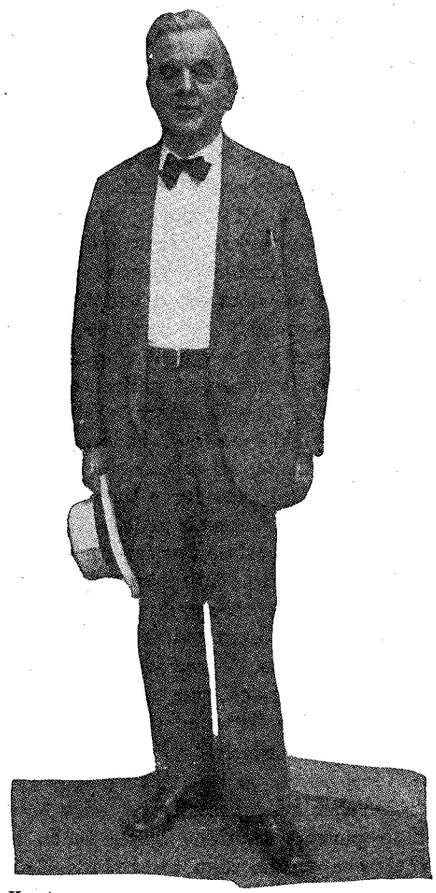
M. Briand, of course, knows full well what Germany is driving at. However, he too observes the conventions. He is delighted, he says, to note that Germany endorses his plan "in principle" and pledges co-operation. Possibly he also wonders how he is to analyze the apparently irreconcilable replies and submit a report on them when the League of Nations Assembly meets in September. Yet on close examination the answers do show certain similarities and divergencies.

Only Britain, a great federation herself, frankly finds it neither necessary nor desirable to establish another great federation, which, she says, might create troublesome intercontinental rivalries—for example, with the British Empire or the United States. Besides, she declares, it should be possible to bring about closer European economic co-operation by using or increasing the machinery of the League of Nations. Otherwise, perhaps the most striking divergence is that between continental nations which are satisfied and those which are dissatisfied with the present European order of things—between France, Poland and Yugoslavia, on the one hand, and Italy, Germany and Hungary on the other. The latter group plainly indicates its opinion that federation must be preceded by revision of the treaties which ended the War.

M. Briand has been much criticized in France for giving the revisionists this opportunity to plead their case. Yet no doubt he expected the replies he received and will be prepared to answer them in September. It now seems probable that the federation must start very small if it is to have widespread support. Perhaps M. Briand expected that also. He may believe it better to make an unimportant start than to make no start at all.

▶▶*Norrises Two*

It would have been highly ironic had Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, the most conspicuous and serious independent since the death of the senior La Follette, been obliged to run as an independent on election day. Fortunately for his prospects of victory, the primaries of August 12 will find him fighting for renomination as a Republican. If he wins, as he is expected to, he will probably face former-Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock, strongest aspirant for the Democratic nomination, in November.



Keystone

TO RUN AS REPUBLICAN
Senator George W. Norris will enter Republican primaries of August 12

Senator Norris threatened to withdraw from the Republican primaries when he discovered that one of his op-

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ponents might be a grocer with a name exactly like his own. A Nebraska law —a new one, sponsored, amusingly enough, by the Senator himself—forbids any distinguishing marks on the ballot. Hence there would be no way for the voters to indicate whether they preferred Norris the Senator or Norris the grocer; no way for election officials to unscramble the returns. With two Smiths seeking one office, two Ericsons another, and two Weavers a third, to say nothing of three Johnsons and four Marshes, Nebraska has made the law a joke.

A joke that Senator Norris, who is as short on humor as he is long on vehemence and ability, never quite managed to appreciate. Grocer Norris' candidacy, he said, was "the most dastardly thing" he had ever heard of. It was "stand-patters' trickery." Then Chief Justice Goss of the State Supreme Court ruled that the grocer's application had been entered too late, though Secretary of State Marsh had previously ruled otherwise, and the case was over.

Reports from Nebraska indicate that the incident will help Senator Norris in his race against State Treasurer Stebbins, the most formidable of his opponents in the primary. Obviously it will help him by removing the necessity for his campaign as an independent. Even facing Mr. Hitchcock alone, he may have his difficulties. A three-cornered contest might have spelled the defeat of himself and of the regular Republican candidate and the election of the Democrat.

Norris has made many Republican enemies, as well as Democratic friends, by his opposition to the Hoover administration and his support of Smith in 1928. The number of Democrats who will vote for him may or may not counterbalance the number of Republicans who will vote for Hitchcock. In any case, a Norris-Hitchcock line-up may resemble an orthodox Republican-Democratic contest no more than Senator Norris of McCook resembles Grocer Norris of Broken Bow.

▸▸*Bull-Fighting*

It appears that humanitarianism and bull-fighting do not belong together. Not from the Spanish point of view, at any rate. The recently-passed laws compelling the heavy padding of horses in the rings and forbidding the use of burning explosive darts, stuck into the flesh of bulls to anger them, have been set aside. Dealers in aged horses, bull-fight managers and the people, whom the present dictatorship wishes to conciliate as much as possible, have complained that humane laws detract from the sport.

This would seem to argue strongly against the possibility of introducing bull-fighting to America. The possibility has been much discussed in connection with Sidney Franklin, the matador from Brooklyn, New York, who, it has been said, plans to win his laurels in Spain and return home to make *afficianados* of us all. It is doubtful that Americans would be much interested in lady-like versions of the Spanish national pastime. Yet it is impossible that a nation which, quite soundly, thinks of cruelty to horses and dogs as second only to cruelty to children could tolerate bull-fighting as it is conducted in Spain.

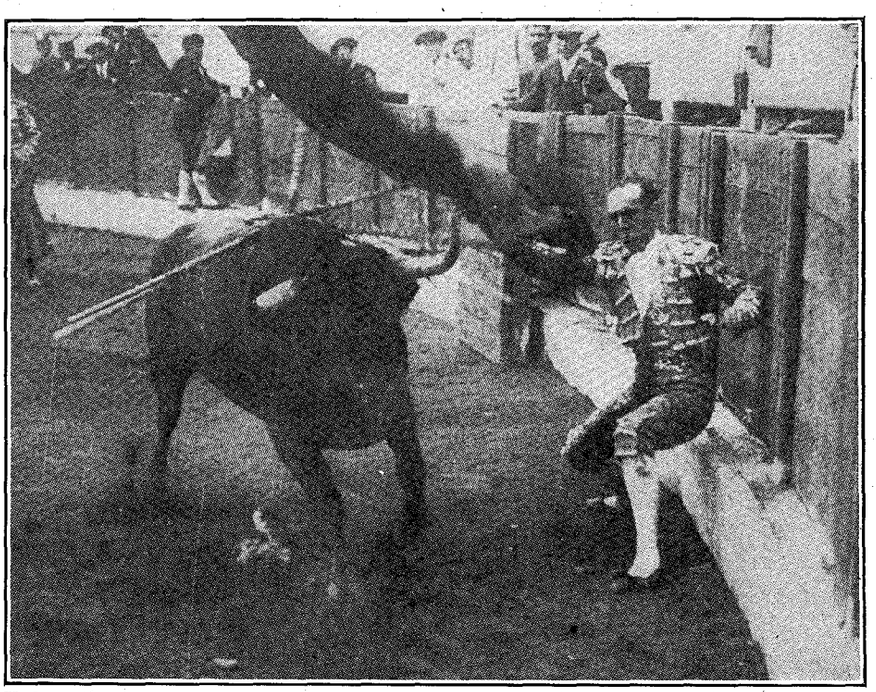
It would be gratifying to conclude from this that Americans have finer sensibilities than Spaniards. But if they have they haven't always had. Bear-baiting, in which dogs had the gory rôles assigned to horses in bull-fights, was a popular English sport surreptitiously but not infrequently pursued by American colonists. And only about eighty years ago Henry Ward Beecher thundered: "Of cock-fighting, bear-baiting and pugilistic contests I need speak but little. These are the desperate excitements of debauched men." Our distaste for bull-fighting had best not be offhandedly laid to our superiority over Spain. Perhaps it should be laid, instead, to chance, and to difference in palate, climate and tradition.

▸▸*Trouble in Egypt*

Discontent with British rule now runs from Malta, to Egypt, to Palestine to India.

Theoretically, Egypt has been a free and independent state since the British protectorate was abolished in 1922. Actually, it has remained snugly under Britain's thumb, as the presence of 12,000 British troops on Egyptian soil clearly demonstrates. In August, 1929, a new British-Egyptian treaty was drafted to end this military occupation, transfer British forces from Cairo, Alexandria and other points to the banks of the Suez Canal and, in general, give Egypt larger opportunities to govern herself.

Two months ago, Nahas Pasha, leader of the Wafdists, or Nationalists, and then Prime Minister, went to London to put this treaty into final form for ratification by the British and Egyptian Parliaments. The Labor Government proved willing to make broad concessions, which a wiser Prime Minister of Egypt would have accepted, aiming to achieve Egyptian sovereignty a little at a time. Nahas, however, preferred to let the negotiations fizzle. Returning home, he was greeted as a hero, but when he asked for a law forbidding any minister



Underwood

ALMOST CORNERED

Spanish matador with his back to wall slips away to safety

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to dissolve Parliament, King Fuad refused his support. When Nahas, as a gesture of protest, resigned, the King dissolved Parliament and appointed a new ministry.

Since that time, Nahas has been campaigning vigorously, accusing the King of unconstitutional practices. Popular opinion, easily inflamed, has expressed itself in a series of Nationalist riots, of which that at Alexandria on July 15, when twenty persons were killed and hundreds injured, was the worst. Despite the pretense of the British government, it is not a purely internal quarrel. The agitation of the Nationalists against Fuad is but an incident in their larger campaign for greater independence from British supervision. Inevitably, Britain is more sympathetic towards Fuad's moderates than towards Nahas' extremists. Inevitably, too, Britain is entangling herself in contradictions by pretending that Egypt is really independent while attempting to control her policies. The two attitudes cannot be reconciled, though both, probably, will be stubbornly maintained.

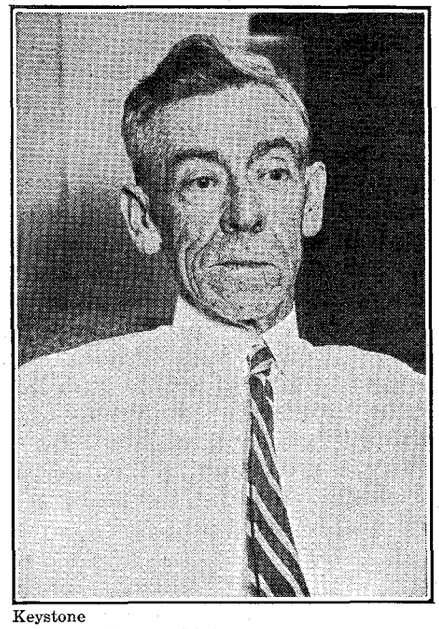
▶▶*John MacDonald*

THOUGH this may not be saying much, prospects for the release of Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings seem brighter than they have ever seemed before.

Refusing Mooney's petition for pardon, Governor Young of California promised to grant a hearing to any witness who wished to repudiate his testimony at the Mooney trial and asked the California Supreme Court to hear any witness who wished to repudiate his testimony at the Billings trial. Spurred to action by this invitation, the Mooney defense committee instituted a nation-wide search for John MacDonald, itinerant waiter, who had placed both Mooney and Billings at the scene of the 1916 Preparedness Day Bombing in San Francisco.

By great good luck, MacDonald was found within two days. Pale, white haired, crippled with rheumatism, prematurely aged, he was taken into custody at Baltimore and promptly issued a statement declaring: "I never saw Mooney until taken to the Hall of Justice in San Francisco and was told by an officer that this was Mooney (pointing him out to me). My testimony in the various cases was untrue and false."

This is not MacDonald's first retraction. In 1921 he signed an affidavit to much the same effect. He was then taken to California, but, he declares, was not allowed to tell his story to a grand jury. Governor Young, his Advisory Pardon Board and the California Supreme Court had their doubts about the affidavit of 1921. Governor Young insisted that parts of it are "patently untrustworthy." Yet there is apparently only one reason why MacDonald, of his own free will, should again go to California—where he confesses he committed perjury—as he has done, in company with his lawyers. That is the reason he gives—namely, that, regardless of personal consequences, he wishes to undo the wrong done by him in sending Mooney to prison.



Keystone

WITNESS MACDONALD

Repudiates his testimony in the Mooney-Billings cases

Now that MacDonald has arrived in California, it should not be difficult to discover the truth. Certainly if it appears that his testimony in the Mooney-Billings cases was false—as he says it was, and as we believe it was—there can be but one possible course for Governor Young and the California Supreme Court. That is to free two innocent men at once.

▶▶*Bedlam in Parliament*

FEW AMERICANS appreciate how deeply Britain was shocked when John Beckett, Left-wing Labor member of Parliament for Camberwell, seized the gilded mace in the House of Commons and started toward the exit. As he hoisted the mace to his shoulders, the three hundred members sat silent, paralyzed with astonishment. Then came the most violent scene that has occurred in Parliament for three centuries. Conservatives, Liberals and Laborites, radicals and moderates alike, shouted, hooted and booed. Premier MacDonald stood white and shaking. Several members sprang from their seats, moved toward the offender, and raised their arms as if to strike him. In the end, the Sergeant-at-Arms wrested the mace from Beckett's hands and Premier MacDonald moved for his suspension, which was voted 324 to 4.

Beckett sought to protest against the parliamentary system by which a colleague had just been suspended. He discovered how solidly that system is grounded in English custom, how firmly that custom, like other customs, in English affections. The mace is more than a wooden staff, five feet long, finely embellished with gold leaf and surmounted by a gilded crown. It is a tradition. It has played its part in House procedure for five of the seven centuries since the Commoners answered the call of King John. The Commoners secured the mace as a symbol that they were meeting by royal command and under the King's protection.

The House conducts no business (except in Committee of the Whole) until the mace has been reverently placed on the massive table before the Speaker's chair. There it has rested undisturbed for more than five hundred years, save when a fanatical temperance visitor moved it in 1915 and when Roundhead soldiers carted it off on Cromwell's historic order, "Take away that bauble."

Our own colonial assemblies, state legislatures and Congress borrowed the mace custom from England. A mace stands in a marble pedestal in the House of Representatives at Washington, a plain staff topped by the figure of an eagle. When the House adjourns or goes into Committee of the Whole the symbol of authority is removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Yet somehow it has never worked its way into American consciousness. No one would be much distressed should some son of the wild jackass lug it brusquely off.

▶▶*Edison Scholarships*

DOG DAYS come round again and with them another Edison Examination Day. The general line-up is about the same as last year. The winners of individual state examinations—one from each state—will go to New Jersey for a glimpse

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of Lindbergh, an address of welcome, a tour of inspection through the Edison industries, a lawn party, a dinner dance, trips to Coney Island, Manhattan Beach and Luna Park, a reception on the City Hall steps by New York's mayor and—oh, yes—the Edison examination.

Lindbergh, Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone and George Eastman, among others, will help to correct the papers. The winner will have his expenses paid for a four-year course at any university he may choose.The examination will last five hours and will be a test, not only of scholarship, but of intelligence and character.

The line-up is about the same as last year, but with a difference. Last year the impression was given that Mr. Edison was choosing a successor. Every one felt that the authorship of "Treasure Island," the identity of Jenny Lind, the best use to make of a million dollars, and the permissibility of a lie (all of them subjects of queries in the 1929 questionnaire) must have had direct bearing on the long and productive career of the Wizard of Menlo Park. Therefore they would have a direct bearing on the career of his successor. Every one was all prepared to look to Wilbur Huston, last year's winner who set out quietly for Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for the inventions of the future.

Now it appears that the Edison examination is an annual event. That Mr. Edison, like many another man of wealth, wishes to give a scholarship each year, that he likes to make out lists of questions and entertain forty-nine boys, that he believes (and rightly) that his method of choosing candidates will stimulate high school seniors throughout the country to their best efforts. If publicity experts were responsible for last summer's front-page headlines on the "Edison successor" scheme, they are to be congratulated. Mr. Edison is to be congratulated that his project is much sounder than the public last year was permitted to think.

▶▶*The Folger Memorial*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO Charles Lamb lamented that he could not "re-clothe and shelter his ragged folios"—his rare editions of Shakespeare especially—which he had hoarded through years of poverty. He who had sung the glories of England's dramatic poets despaired of a fitting resting place for the treasures he loved and taught others to love.

Now comes the announcement that the will of the late Henry C. Folger, formerly of the Standard Oil Company of New York, and widely known bibliophile, has provided a $10,000,000 fund for the establishment, maintenance and expansion of a great Elizabethan library at Washington. It will be known as the Folger Shakespeare Memorial and will be used for the diffusion of knowledge of the author's life and work. Among the 30,000 volumes are several which once belonged to Lamb.

Mr. Folger's gift to the nation is considered the most complete and valuable of its kind in the world. The library will contain not only thirty-five copies of the first quartos and folios of Shakespeare and rare editions of works by and about Shakespeare's contemporaries; it will also include copies of every known book and pamphlet dealing with England's early dramatic history. In many respects it even surpasses the collection in the British Museum.

More than $1,000,000 of the bequest will be spent in erecting and furnishing a white-marble library building near the Library of Congress. Inside, a reproduction of an Elizabethan theatre, exhibition galleries and spacious reading-rooms in the Tudor Gothic style will invite the visits of book-lovers and research-workers. But it was not Mr. Folger's aim merely to build an imposing house for his priceless collection. He sought to further the culture bequeathed to the world by Shakespeare. He wished to give America, in particular, the largest single resource for the advancement of that culture. One of the will's stipulations, embodying the spirit of the bequest, states that volumes may be loaned when needed in the work of American universities.

There can be no question that the Folger foundation is among the most dignified and valuable ever created by an American capitalist. If properly administered, it should prove a highly important asset to American scholarship.

Remarkable Remarks

It is human nature to blame some one else for our misfortunes.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

The extraordinary thing is that our best minds, so well supplied with solemn wisdom in prosperity, have not the vaguest idea as to what is the matter with us.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

We hear that after the market slump there has been considerable unemployment.—POPE PIUS XI.

There can be no conflict between science and religion.—BENITO MUSSOLINI.

As sure as fate the chimneys will be smoking and the crops will be good and will bring good prices in 1932 and Hoover will be re-elected.—SENATOR ROYAL S. COPELAND.

Prohibition never corrupts.—MRS. MIRIAM LEE LIPPINCOTT.

There is something wrong with a public that clamors unceasingly for sex.—CHANNING POLLOCK.

We have an artistic show.—EARL CARROLL.

In women intelligence, unlike beauty, grows steadily better with age.—PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

When a woman makes up her mind to do a thing, as a general rule she does it.—BILLY MARSH, JR. (Aet. 11).

An old suit, a battered hat, a perfect tie and a good collar—that's what makes a well dressed man.—BARON DE MEYER.

▶▶*In Brief*

As WE understand it, the fall in wheat prices has angered Mid-Western farmers and they are determined to revolt against the Republican party exactly as they did in 1928. . . . A journal dedicated to the description of important current events, we cannot forego this opportunity to point out that a gentleman named James Smith intends to walk from Chicago to California, backwards. . . . Senator Copeland, Democrat, believes that Mr. Hoover will be re-elected in 1932. That is, he did the other day. . . .It may be distressing that Senator Blease of South Carolina should advocate lynch law for Negroes who assault white women. It is even more distressing that in their heart of hearts nine out of ten of his hearers should greet the statement with approval. . . . Forty per cent of the high school girls in Chicago disapprove of petting, says a clergyman from the Philippine Islands, who, apparently, is quite sure that the percentage is not really forty-four, say, or forty-four and a half. . . . Al Smith's uncompleted Empire State Building in

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New York City will have a public observation gallery which will extend the height of the structure to the equivalent of 102 floors. This will make possible the observation of dirigibles which, experts agree, it will be impracticable to moor to the building's well-advertised dirigible mooring mast.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HEAR that Dwight W. Morrow may before long make that announcement anent his supposed presidential aspirations which has been awaited so breathlessly by White House retainers. The latter gentry, who have kept in close though indirect contact with the New Jersey man's camp, had been given to understand the Ambassador would eliminate himself as a 1932 presidential prospect before he recently returned to his post at Mexico City, but for some reason which now disturbs them strangely Mr. Morrow kept his peace. Their latest information is that he will defer any utterance until he begins his active campaign for the Senate, and they like not the delay or the rumor that it will not be as strong as they had hoped it would be. Indeed, the cloud of the Morrow candidacy looms only slightly smaller upon their political landscape than the issue which he has embraced—repeal of the dry laws.

Whether Mr. Morrow knows it or not, since he is a singularly unsuspecting soul for one who has been such an active participant in worldly affairs, he has been the center of a tug-of-war since first he entered rough-and-tumble politics. We imagine that he is by now aware of the pulling and hauling, if only because of the effort to cut short his promising career by the entry of Representative Franklin Fort as a dry in the recent senatorial primary. We hear that though Mr. Morrow absolves Mr. Hoover of all responsibility for inspiring the Congressman's race, he has been convinced that persons close to the White House had a finger in it.

Since the primary, Mr. Morrow has had even more conclusive evidence, we believe, of the interest which he has aroused in the inner circles of G.O.P. strategists. He has, we understand, had ample counsel concerning the attitude he should assume toward talk of himself as the Republicans' candidate two years hence. In the opinion of a small group who represent, even though they may not speak for, the White House, he should immediately rebuke and repudiate those who look upon him as a rival to Mr. Hoover, or a substitute should the party itself deem it wise to change candidates. So emphatically had these advisers impressed their viewpoint upon the Ambassador that their disappointment at his failure to respond with a public statement may easily be understood.

We are told that Mr. Morrow has lately received other and, to our mind, more discreet advice. A few prominent

MORROW WILL "SUFFER OVERWHELMING DEFEAT" IF NOMINATED IN 1932
"HALF OF THOSE CONSTITUTING HIS (JERSEY) MAJORITY WERE IN FACT VOTING FOR LINDY AND THE OTHER HALF FOR ANNE"
PROHIBITION BOARD

Newark Evening News

Bubbles

Republicans, including certain Senators and National Committeemen, have, we learn, suggested that he adopt a more restrained policy. They have, quite wisely, pointed out that it would be presumptuous of him, a comparative newcomer to politics, to decline a nomination which has not yet been offered. He has also been advised that too enthusiastic an endorsement of a President holding Mr. Hoover's attitude toward prohibition might militate against victory over his very wet Democratic opponent next November. More important still—though this may sound like treason—it has been advanced that he owes it to the party not to eliminate himself at the very moment when the G.O.P., lacking the prosperity issue, needs great and golden names to conjure with.

We do not mean to suggest that Mr. Morrow will not say some nice things about Mr. Hoover. Even though he did not care to compliment the Administration—which is not true—he will toss a few bouquets if only because Alex Simpson, his Democratic foe, is far too clever not to make the most of the Ambassador's dilemma. Since both candidates agree on prohibition, Mr. Simpson will presumably direct his criticism against the more vulnerable aspects of the President's two-year record, and silence on Mr. Morrow's part would leave him open to the charge that he cannot or will not defend his party chieftain. But the Ambassador, we are informed, will answer such assumptions with a simple and unostentatious statement to the effect that he expects Mr. Hoover to be renominated and reelected in 1932.

Mr. Morrow, we note, is already an accomplished politician. Another man would have resigned his diplomatic post to devote himself to preparation on the field of battle. But he immediately took himself off to Mexico City, where he is sitting on the top of two political worlds far from the turmoil and trouble of these dark Republican days. We get word that he grows stronger, politically, every day. Even such a Democratic optimist as "Joe" Tumulty, who maintains a law office at the Capital but keeps a political office in Trenton, concedes that Mr. Morrow ought to defeat Mr. Simpson by several hundred thousand votes.

Such a victory in the field will be a great relief to G.O.P. strategists at Washington, where things get worse momentarily. Mr. Claudius H. Huston and his pals, we learn, cherish bitter grudges which may be aired before long. It seems that they blame Postmaster General Brown, James Francis Burke and Walter Newton, who is the President's political adviser, for Mr. Huston's present plight, and it is our understanding they mean to retaliate against this trio. Naturally enough, they aim to capitalize Mr. Morrow's popularity in their feud with the White House. If he is as wise as we think him, however, he will beware of politicians who come bearing grudges.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Keeping the Record Straight ◀◀

MANY of the bitter attacks which have been made upon this journal because of its advocacy of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment have come from old subscribers. These critics have charged us with a betrayal of the principles and beliefs of the magazine as set forth in an earlier day by one of our famous predecessors, Dr. Lyman Abbott. Nor has this been all. Dry newspapers and magazines, relying no doubt on just such expressions of opinion, and conveniently forgetting or ignoring the past, have joined the anvil chorus. Recently, paid propaganda to this effect has made its appearance. In a booklet lately put out by well known drys, the Outlook and Independent is even accused of selling its editorial integrity to certain "brewers" and "billionaires" who, it is assumed, are responsible for all the present nation-wide, popular outcry against the unworkable Volstead Act. In practically every case, the assumption is that this magazine was for prohibition under Lyman Abbott—presumably because, for seven years after the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, the Outlook was willing to give the Volstead Act the benefit of the doubt.

▶▶ TODAY the Outlook is opposed to prohibition, and is calling for repeal, with all the vigor it can command. Let there be no misunderstanding. We should oppose Volsteadism had Dr. Lyman Abbott been one of the drys who crusaded for state and national laws. It is important, however, to have the record straight.

▶▶ THE MEMORY of readers, it would seem, should be classed with the traditional gratitude of republics. It is short-lived. In the August 5 issue, in the year 1911, when the abuses of the liquor traffic were at their height, Dr. Abbott wrote editorially as follows:

"We have received several letters asking our opinion on prohibition in the several states; and one from a Methodist minister in Maine, stating the issue as he sees it in that state. That letter we publish on another page. According to him, all the good men in Maine are in favor of prohibition; only the vicious men are opposed to it. If that were true, Maine would be in a parlous condition. We do not believe that it is true. We do not believe that there is any state, or any ward in any city, in which the vicious and the virtuous are so evenly balanced that in any perfectly clear and well-understood issue between vice and virtue the vote would be doubtful. If the present campaign in Maine is doubtful, it is because the best citizens in Maine are not all agreed as to the wisdom of prohibition. Our correspondent is certainly incorrect in saying that all the ministers in Maine are in favor of prohibition. The same week that brought us his letter brought us a recently published paper read by a prominent minister in Maine before a meeting of ministers some years ago, in which he argued strenuously against prohibition. This minister is not alone. There are others, who are silent; some, because they wisely dread the reaction which would for a time inevitably follow the abolition of prohibition; some, because they are unwilling to be reckoned in with the unscrupulous representatives of the liquor traffic; some, because they are unwilling to subject themselves to the vituperation of certain intemperate temperance men.

"We do not wish to take any part in state temperance elections. We have no direct counsel to give to any voters respecting such elections. We do not believe in state-wide prohibition. In fact, no one of the states that have adopted the prohibitory law has, so far as we know, really adopted prohibition. What most such states have done has been to issue an edict against the sale of liquor and then leave each locality to carry that edict into effect. This is practically the worst kind of local option—local option to disregard law. But state-wide prohibition left unenforced in considerable sections of the state is much better than free liquor, and better than a slipshod license system organized, not to restrain or regulate the liquor traffic, but only to raise a little income for the state, and not really enforced at all. All that the Outlook can do is to lay down certain very general principles the application of which must vary very widely in different localities.

"We sympathize with the prohibitionists in their passionate desire to find a panacea. The argument for the panacea which they propose is very simple: the liquor traffic produces these evils; prohibit the liquor traffic, and you abolish the evils. It is as simple as was the argument of the Abolitionists in the '50's: slavery is a crime; therefore we demand the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery. Or as the argument of the communists: private property produces covetousness, industrial oppression, frauds, robberies, gambling; therefore abolish private property.

"The object of prohibitory laws is to prevent wrongdoing. All civilized communities prohibit murder, because murder is always wrong; but they do not prohibit the sale of firearms, which may lead to murder, because the use of firearms is not always wrong. The real analogy is not between murder and the sale of liquor (an analogy commonly drawn); the real analogy is between murder and intemperance. What society should do is to attempt to eradicate intemperance, for intemperance is always wrong; not to try to prevent all sale of liquor, for the use of liquor is not necessarily always wrong. The radical, and the only radical, remedy for intemperance is making men temperate—that is, endowing them with the power of self-control. Law can never be a substitute for this work of education and religion. But law can be a great help. Is prohibition the best help which the wit of men can devise or has devised? We think not, though it is a great deal better than none."

▶▶ ALL that it is necessary for us to do is to suggest that the reader insert "nation-wide" prohibition for "state-wide" prohibition in the foregoing. Henry Watterson, the able editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* once said that no real Democrat can be a prohibitionist. We might add that certainly no liberal, who has a clear conception of his own philosophy of life, can afford to be a prohibitionist.

The Editors

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Flight from High Wages

By ALLEN RAYMOND

HIGH wages and low production costs are the two basic and essential factors in American prosperity, according to such spokesmen for enlightened business as President Herbert Hoover, ex-President Calvin Coolidge, and, of course, Henry Ford.

"A market capable of mass consumption," Mr. Coolidge declared, in a syndicated newspaper article, is essential to mass production. "As this depends on the earning capacity of the great body of the people," he wrote, "it requires a high wage scale."

This doctrine has been preached so vociferously for the last decade by patriotic economists, distinguishing between our own well-being and European poverty, that it has come to be considered almost axiomatic by millions of persons. It must have come as a shock to the partially informed when on the first of this month the Chrysler company announced a ten per cent reduction in the wages of its salaried employees, because of the current business depression.

It should not have been a shock. The truth about the high wage theory is that business managements in general have never accepted it as something to be supported vigorously by themselves. It is merely a theory to which they vaguely adhere in principle rather than practice. It is one that implies a sense of economic responsibility on the part of some other fellow.

Each individual management knows that low production costs are a factor in obtaining profits. That can be demonstrated in figures on the actual operation of their plants. Wherever possible, each individual management slashes production costs. Labor being inevitably a cost factor, management normally lops off the cost of it wherever possible.

RECENTLY the writer made two tours surveying industrial conditions, one through New England, and one through seven southeastern states: Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Tennessee. In the contrast between these two northern and southern regions is revealed the refusal of American industry as a whole to support the high wage theories of Ford, and Hoover, and Coolidge.

American industry is engaged today in a march of startling swiftness—not yet thoroughly realized by the American people—from the relatively high wage areas of the northern states to the low wage region of Dixie.

This movement already has begun to debase the American wage scale, to lower the buying power of the people nationally, and to bring hard times to the nation's business. If it goes on, unmitigated by some equalization between northern and southern wages, it bids fair to lead the country into a fiercer class struggle than it has ever experienced.

Go up into New England and see what is happening. The population of cities like New Bedford, Fall River, Lawrence and Lowell, either is dwindling or practically static. Business fights there with its back to the wall. Organized labor has taken wage cuts. The assessed valuation of city property either stands still or falls backward. A great engineering corporation, charting the future growth for all New England, estimated it at about twenty-six per cent in the next twenty years.

Go down into the Southeast, however, and you find a far different situation. The population of towns like Spartansburg, South Carolina, Durham, North Carolina, Kingsport, Tennessee, Anniston and Gadsden, Alabama, is soaring skyward, as the "poor white" paupers from the South's ruined agriculture troop into new mill villages, glad to get wages far below the northern standards.

New factories are springing up like mushrooms. Cross-road trading towns are becoming cities, and more wealth is being created and distributed through this region than ever before in its history. The South seems truly today's land of golden opportunity for men seeking riches. But what is the net effect of all this on the country at large?

A lower national wage scale, apparently.

SOME years ago the country barred its doors to foreign workers, heading this way to undersell American labor. There remained within the nation itself one great population with living standards lower than those of European peasants. They were the southern farmers, both black and white.

For the most part illiterate until very recently, they had been doomed by the peculiarly unprofitable form of agriculture, which was all they knew, to toil year in and year out for a cash return which reliable economists have figured at thirty-two cents a day per worker. Whole families have been accustomed to toil in the southern cotton fields,—men, women, and children, both black and white,—with yearly incomes of families averaging about thirty-two cents a day per worker.

How many are there of these workers? About six million potentially employable by industry in the southern states east of the Mississippi. Mechanical industry in this country only employs about eight-and-one-half million persons in all.

Here in the South, then, when the immigration doors banged shut, was the vast reservoir of cheap labor sought by American industrialists, waiting for American industry to use if it wanted, when organized labor in the northern states became too expensive. American mechanical industry is rushing southward to take advantage of that pauper labor today at a pace comparable to the old pioneer gold rushes of the great West.

"Come and get our cheap labor," is the sales cry of the southern power companies, building their great new plants and preparing to sell electric current to a rising industrial region. The writer has before him a sales talk issued for factory managements by the Georgia Power Company, soliciting them to move down South into Georgia. It is typical of others.

"Doubtless the abundance, quality, adaptability and reliability of southern labor is the big drawing card for industry in this section," says the Georgia Power Company. "Labor in most industries is the largest single item that enters into the cost of production. The South, because of its moderate climate, has an inherent advantage in lower living costs over a colder climate, and it should always be possible for a worker in the South to maintain the same standard of living as a northern worker, and do so at less cost."

The company further observes: "The labor laws of the state of Georgia are very liberal. They consist of sixty hours a week, and no regulation as to the number of hours per day." It remarks that southern labor "is not dominated by

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trade unions, and is easy to control."

On a page of its circular entitled "Wages," the Georgia Power Company has the following:

"We call particular attention to cotton manufacturing. It will be noted that the average wage in Georgia under this classification is lower than any state listed. The figures show North Carolina $690 a year; Georgia, $652 a year; South Carolina, $657 a year; Tennessee, $662 a year."

Still further in the prospectus is another page devoted to a table of figures, showing average wages in various kinds of industry, and striking an average for all industries. This table lists Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina, as contrasted with Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and with the United States as a whole.

It sets down the average wage in all industries as $702 a year in Georgia, $884 in Alabama, $882 in Tennessee, $773 in North Carolina, and $682 in South Carolina. It gives the annual wage in Massachusetts as $1,222; in Pennsylvania as $1,382; and in Ohio as $1,448. For the United States as a whole it was set down as $1,300. The figures were taken from the Census of Manufactures in 1927.

Now if American industrial management actually were solicitous about maintaining a high wage scale, with consequent high buying power on the part of the public, would the Georgia Power Company be holding out the bait of low wage scales to lure industry southward? It would not. Neither would the power companies and industrial development boards in other southern areas. Nor would northern manufacturers be flocking so quickly into the South if they were convinced of the high wage theory.

For the last five years, new factories have been moving into North Carolina at the rate of one every four days. Textile factories were the first to move south. Dixie now surpasses New England in the volume and value of its cotton manufacture, producing more than 62 per cent of the cotton goods produced in this country in 1925 and more than 67 per cent in 1927.

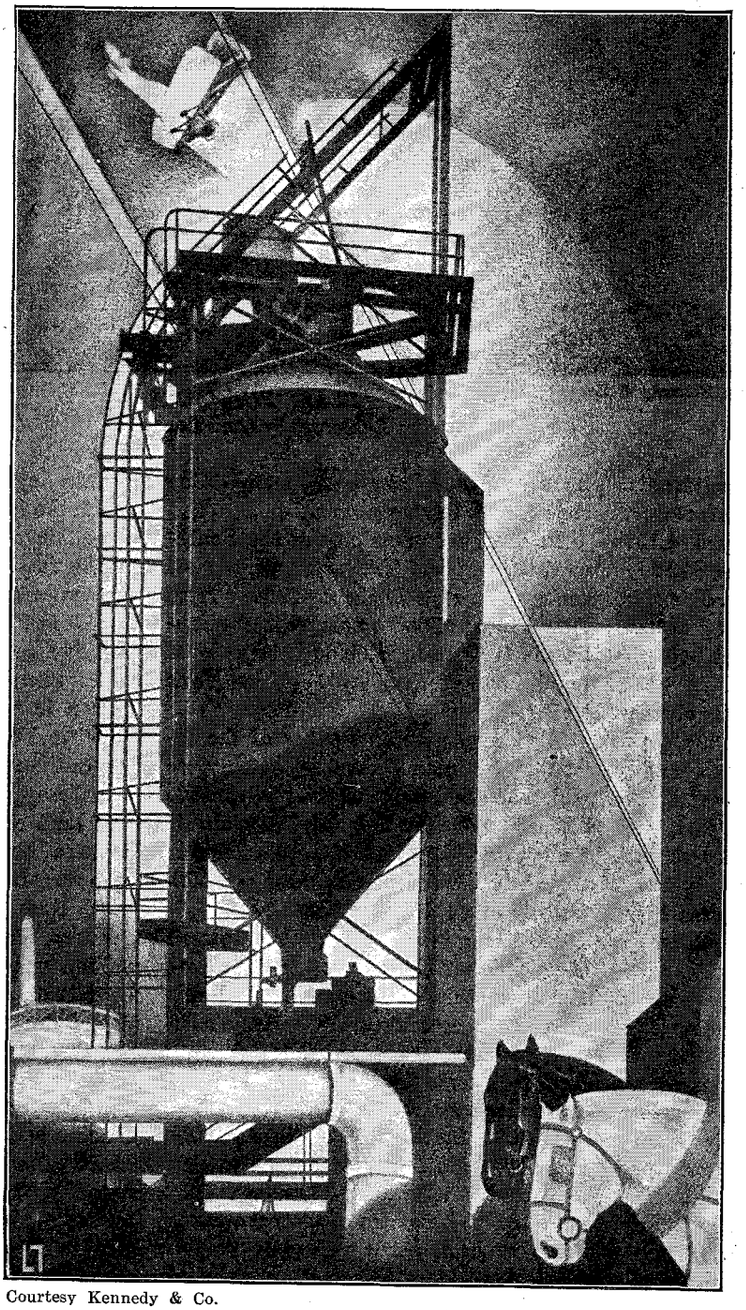
Yet cotton manufacture in 1927 represented less than ten per cent of the aggregate value of the South's manufacturing output. In the rush by northern manufacturers to pay low wages the South is obtaining an all-round diversity of industry. Take the concerns building great new factories in Dixie during 1929 alone:—

They included Western Electric, Atmospheric Nitrogen, Proctor and Gamble, Viscose, Murray Body, General Motors, International Paper, Bethlehem Steel, the Goodyear and the Goodrich Rubber Companies, DuPont, United States Steel, Nichols Copper, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Eastman Kodak, Standard Oil and the Texas Company.

In 1927 there were 37,850 manufacturing plants in the sixteen states which the *Manufacturers' Record* lists as southern territory. They employed 1,679,798 wage earners. In all the United States there were only 191,866 manufacturing plants, with 8,353,977 wage earners. The southern factories were making more than 200 different products.

There were 32 plants making farm implements, 1,707 making beverages, 336 making copper, sheet iron and tin products, 370 concrete factories, 149 factories making cars and other equipment for electric railroads and 489 making cars and equipment for steam railroads. There were 1,308 flour mills and 360 factories making men's and boys' clothing. Southern industry is far from being merely in textiles.

The South apparently is the coming industrial section of the country. That section alone has been increasing in the number of persons employed by mechanical industry in the last ten years. Although the population of the country was rising between 1919 and 1927 by about 12 per cent, mechanical industry actually employed about eleven per cent fewer persons in 1927 than it did in 1919. Those were the years in which it was employing many more machines and fewer people.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

TANKS
Lithograph by Louis Lozowick

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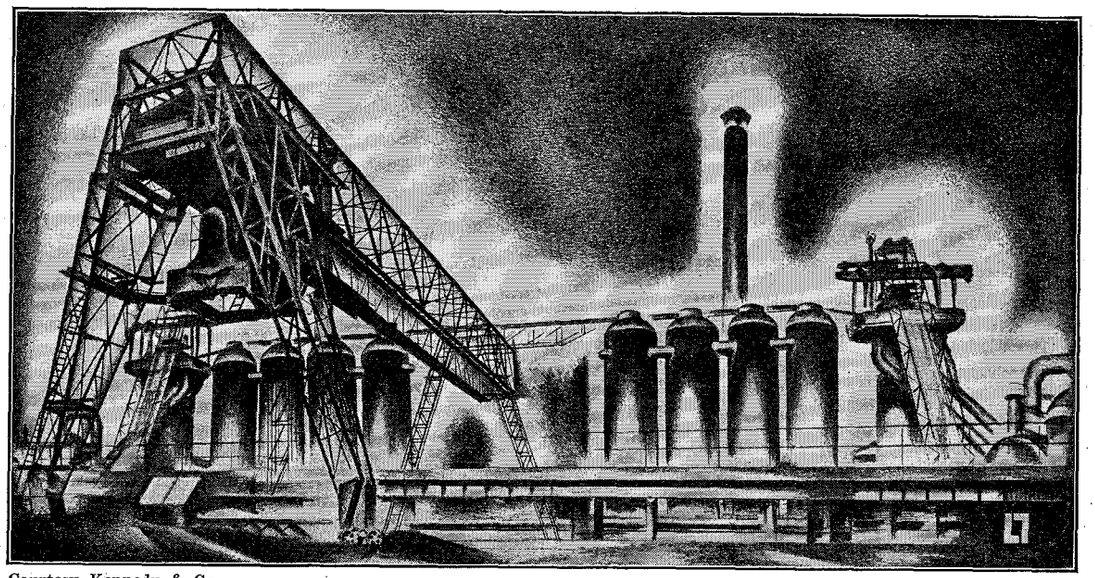

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

BLAST FURNACES
Lithograph by Louis Lozowick

Only in the South was it employing more people. Why in the South? The writer has another sales talk from the South before him, written to lure manufacturers into one of the fastest growing of southern industrial states. This sales talk compares the wage costs of manufacturers of one widely distributed product made in that southern state, which must be known here as Cottonia, with the wage costs of manufacturers of the same product in Pennsylvania.

"In 1927," it says, "manufacturers of blank in Cottonia employed 4,157 workers, whose total wage was $4,574,023, or $1,100.32 per worker. For this commodity, the value added by manufacture was $13,897,794, or $3,343 per worker.

"The 1927 figures for Pennsylvania were: number employed, 8,330; total wages, $14,018,331; average yearly wage per worker, $1,682; total value added by manufacture, $29,984,384; and value added by manufacture per worker, $3,599.

"A comparison of these figures indicates that although the value added by manufacture per worker in Pennsylvania was 7.2 per cent higher than it was in Cottonia, it was necessary to pay the Pennsylvania worker 34.7 per cent more wages to secure the increase. From this it is evident that per dollar spent in wages, the Cottonia manufacturer has an advantage of 20.4 per cent in value added by manufacture."

Mark you! It was "necessary to pay the Pennsylvania worker more." Therefore, says the Dixie promoter, come south. Northern industry is moving south. Business being what it normally has been—competitive warfare for profits, carried on by individual enterprises concerned primarily with the state of their individual balance sheets rather than some vague economic good to the country at large—of course American industry is moving south.

The normal manufacturer naturally is more impressed by cost figures applied to his particular enterprise than he is by generalities about maintaining the nation's buying power.

In one rising new city of the Southeast, Kingsport, Tennessee, is a shoe factory from St. Louis, a printery from New England, and a new plant for Ambassador Alanson B. Houghton's Corning Glass Works, up in New York state.

That may give an inkling of the diversity of manufacturing enterprises which are finding it to their advantage either to move South bodily, or to do all their expanding in the South, leaving their northern factories running with a static or depleted personnel.

How long may this migration toward cheaper labor be expected to continue? Until something is done to lift the levels of southern agriculture. There is a sufficient reservoir of poor white labor on southern farms to take over the bulk of the nation's industry.

In 1920, the farms in the South which were operated by tenants—not owners—numbered 1,591,059. There are many more today, because the southern farmers have been getting steadily poorer. Many, heretofore farm owners, are slipping into the ranks of tenantry annually. The rest of the country knows little of what farm tenantry in the cotton belt actually means, but such students of it as Professors Branson and Hobbs of the University of North Carolina have labeled it truthfully "worse than slavery."

A study of cotton farm incomes in Chatham County, North Carolina, made in 1921, showed that for white farm owners they amounted to thirty-four cents a day per person, with every person in the family working. Cash incomes were thirty-two cents a day per person in the families of black farm owners; sixteen cents per day per person in the families of black renters; fourteen cents per day per person in the families of white renters; ten cents per day per person in the families of black "croppers" and eight cents per day per person in the families of white "croppers."

A "cropper" is a tenant farmer who tills land on shares with the landlord, while a renter is a tenant who pays cash rental. From this "renter and cropper" class of poor black and white farmers, then, amounting to about eight million persons—counting the children—in 1920, and about twelve million today, industry is beginning to draw its workers.

Whole families, used to working in the fields, accustom themselves with reasonable speed to working in the mills. In the fields, their family incomes ranged in Chatham County, North Carolina, from $626 a year down to $153 a year in 1921, with an average of $424. Low as southern wages are, they are riches to people like these.

Regardless of what their disillusionments may be, as they learn what it is to live in an industrial rather than agricultural civilization, hundreds of thousands of poor white southerners are being brought from isolated cabins that reeked with ignorance, disease, and poverty, into comparatively civilized communities, where for the first time in their existence they will have a chance

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Business in Shirt-Sleeves

HOT weather, vacations and seasonal variations aren't so much, after all. No careful observer of business developments can fairly use the word "inactivity" in connection with mid-July, 1930. Too many top-of-column stories are breaking.

Bethlehem-Youngstown proceedings, following the Manchester suicide, have been packed with thrills, centering around the intriguing problem of how much Eugene G. Grace gets for his services to Bethlehem, and why.

Standard Oil of New York and Vacuum continued their efforts to convince the Government that competition, chiefly on the part of the integrated Shell companies, justifies their desire to merge.

Directors of Standard of Indiana have approved the contract with Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation to acquire that company's half-interest in Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing and Sinclair Pipe Line for $72,500,000, cash money.

The General Electric units have approved the Swope employment stabilization plan, and the anthracite miners have agreed to a 5½-year peace, and President Hoover will call a soft coal conference, and—we could go on like this for columns, but it's too hot.

Reaching for a Sweet

IT'S BARELY possible that one might get cool by writing about ice cream. Let's try, anyhow. Ice cream manufacture is, as a matter of fact, one of our great food industries. It calls annually for six billion pounds of milk, and as it takes 1,300,000 cows to produce this quantity, our embattled farmer friend has something of a stake in the enterprise.

Normal production is about 350,000,000 gallons of ice cream a year. There are approximately 4,000 ice cream factories in the United States today, and the product is marketed through more than 400,000 retail outlets, about one-third of which are drug stores and the rest candy stores, hotels and restaurants, roadside stands, groceries, bakeries and specialized "ice cream stores."

Ice cream making, which used to be carried on in the family freezer on the back porch, is now left largely to the factory. Consumption is increasing rapidly, the per capita now being close to 3 gallons a year. Incidentally, the same increase is noticeable in connection with another form of sweet—candy—which we reached for during 1929 to the amazing extent of 1,382,243,387 pounds. This shows an increase of 9.2% over 1928, the largest increase ever recorded in any year, and also indicates to what lengths some people will go in their desire to forget the asperities of an unfriendly stock market.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) July 19—83.4. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) July 19—77.3.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended July 5—792,141 cars (reduction of 144,707 under preceding week and of 109,002 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended July 12—57% of capacity (increase of 9% over preceding week; reduction of 38% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended July 12—daily average gross 2,530,800 barrels (reduction of 50,700 under preceding week and of 360,950 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended July 12—1,006,000 bushels (reduction of 657,000 under preceding week and of 705,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended July 17—$10,763,921,000 (increase of 22.3% over preceding week; reduction of 20.3% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended July 17—452 (increase of 24 over preceding week and of 76 over same week of 1929).

Vagaries—Series 5

BUSINESS oddities, we are informed by More or Less Constant Reader, stir up the liver, improve the circulation and bring a healthy glow to the cheek. As nothing we might offer could possibly do more than that, we continue, and add to the record:

1. That Tuskegee Institute professor, who has derived 100 useful products from the sweet potato, 165 from the peanut, and 300 different paints from clay.

2. That B. and O. diner, running between Baltimore and Cumberland, which manufactures its own weather by means of an air conditioning system.

3. That 69-inch telescope lens made for Perkins Observatory, Ohio Wesleyan University, which required eight months for cooling from a temperature of 2500 degrees Fahrenheit.

4. That group of high-minded business men who will lunch from now on in their Cloud Club on the 66th, 67th and 68th floors of the Chrysler Building, Upper New York.

5. That impoverished Mexican peon, Crescencio Avila, who plowed up on a parcel of land awarded to him by the government a pot containing $50,000 in Spanish gold pieces.

6. That Parisian device, the photo-electric watchdog, which runs, barks and almost bites the burglar who sets off the mechanism with the rays of his flashlight.

7. Those Pennsylvania broom salesmen who put over a fast one on housewives by assuring them that the letters "P. M." (stamped on the brooms, in accordance with the Maryland law, to indicate "prison made") stood for "Pride of Maryland."

8. That German contrivance, the automatic insurance vending machine, now installed on the platforms of the larger German railroad stations. Travelers wishing to insure themselves against accident put 10 to 50 pfennigs in the slot, register a thumb-print, and out comes the ticket stamped with the day, hour and value of the policy.

Pry Before You Buy

WHEN you invest, be sure you don't purchase a pig in a poke. This is the message of *Testing Before Investing* (McGraw-Hill $2.00) by Edmond E. Lincoln, formerly chief statistician and economist for Western Electric, and, before that, assistant professor of finance in the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

This is a second edition, largely rewritten, and augmented by a new chapter on investment trusts. The inscription is "to the new owners of industry, who save and invest while they work and who will be the future managers and financiers."

On common stocks for the small investor, Dr. Lincoln is in step with the trend of the times, although he does not commit himself as completely as J. George Frederick did in *Common Stocks for the Average Man.* The various forms of investment securities are admirably described, the reader is given a short but helpful chapter on "How to Buy Bonds and Stocks," and the volume is topped off with a useful glossary of investment terms.

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A Very Human "Golf Machine"

By GEORGE TREVOR

COMMENTING on the National Open Golf Championship at Interlachen, a New York sports writer said: "The only machines on the course were the grass-cutter and Bobby Jones." This critic, I need hardly add, did not see the Interlachen struggle.

Such metaphorical allusions to Jones as "a golfing robot," "Atlanta's mechanical man," etc., convey a misleading impression. His card and pencil figures have a cold, mechanistic flavor, but the tousle haired author of these par-shadowing cards is anything but an inhuman automaton.

Genius has been defined as "nine-tenths perspiration and one-tenth inspiration." The ratio may be exaggerated, yet no eye witness of Jones' triumphs will deny that he sweats blood in their achievement. Bobby's titles do not come easily. He suffers mentally more than do most of his professional contemporaries. At Interlachen, with the thermometer hovering about the one hundred degree mark, he endured physical torture as well.

For so accomplished a golfer, Jones hits an unusual percentage of bad shots. He discounts those errors by gorgeous recoveries, but though his cards may read as if they were stamped from a common stencil, they aren't secured by machine-like golf except on the greens.

Jones' putting touch rarely deserts him. He has so many "handles" to his game, that if some club plays him false he offsets it by brilliance in another department. His approaching never goes on a sympathetic strike when his driving happens to be off, or vice versa.

If you must have your golfing robot, consider Macdonald Smith, the plucky runner-up. This forty-one year old Scot is consistently straighter than Jones on drives and irons, dubs fewer shots, but he lacks the Atlantan's brutal punch and his watch maker's touch about the greens.

Interlachen didn't suit Jones' game. Its par four holes lacked the length to bring out his facility with spoon and brassie. It could only be tamed by pitching close to the pin—supposedly Bobby's Achilles heel—but at Minneapolis his "weakness" proved to be his strength. There you have the gist of his genius. When the show-down came, he mastered the weapon which alone could insure victory.

The huge gallery which trailed Bobby on the morning of the final day saw the real Jones—the Jones of Eastlake. That amazing 68 (which might just as easily have been a 66) ought to have cinched the title. It did not.

A fig for your "automatons." Jones is eminently human, subject to nerve strain even as lesser mortals. His swing tightened up under last round tension. Strokes slipped away stealthily. When he reached the fourteenth tee in the afternoon, Bob glumly contemplated a card which read "five over fours." A 77 stared him in the face. That score would have permitted Mac Smith to tie for first place.

It was then that Jones roused himself, responded like a stake horse to the whip, finished like the champion he is. Three birdies on the last five holes slammed the door in Macdonald Smith's face.

An incident at the seventeenth—a mongrel one shotter of 262 yards—almost cost Jones the title. A very tired boy, worn by the heat and the pressure which bears heaviest on the pace setter, Bobby hit his tee shot off the heel of his club. The ball glanced at a tangent into a grove of willow trees screening a bog which bordered the lake that lies on the right.

Nobody in the crowd could tell positively where the ball landed. It was never found. Its hiding place conceals the secret which might conceivably have altered the championship result.

A local rule defines the swampland flanking the lake as a "parallel water hazard." After a conference, U.S.G.A. officials decided that Jones' ball had

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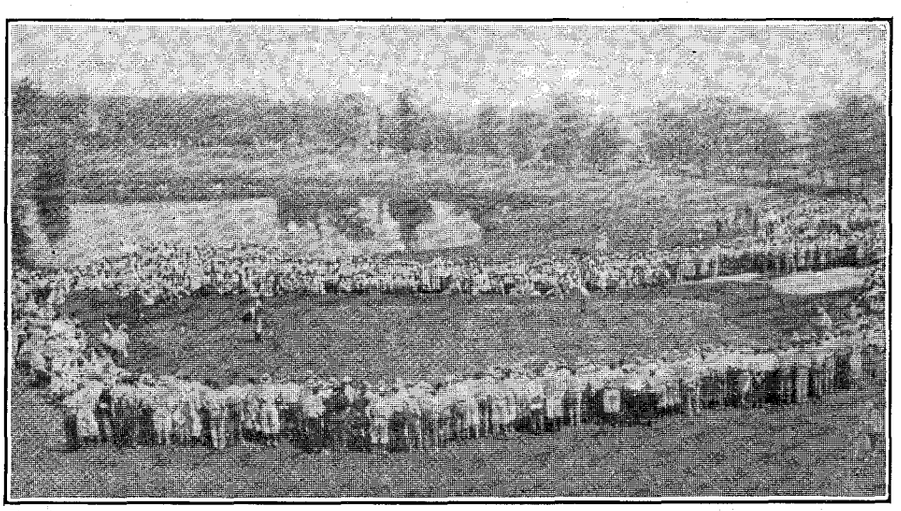
Keystone

TOMMY ARMOUR

Who tied Macdonald Smith at the end of the first day's play at Interlachen



Keystone

ALONE IN A CROWD

The gallery watching Bobby Jones putting on the ninth green at Interlachen

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The Dwindling Trust Problem

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago almost any citizen who was asked to name the foremost economic problem of the day would have replied without hesitation that it was "the trusts." Combination in industry is now more in evidence than ever before, and yet the word "trust" is rarely heard. Even when the trusts are mentioned they fail to arouse such emotional reactions as they used to.

Today there is relatively little opposition to big business merely because of its size. It is not bigness but conduct which arouses hostility. Let us consider, for example, the case of the Ford Motor Company. It is a huge organization, but in no sense one of the old-fashioned trusts. It resembles some of these only in so far as it is a vertical combination, bringing under unified control many different lines of manufacturing which are connected in some way with the motor-car industry. Thus, the Ford organization produces coal and iron and weaves fabrics for automobile tops and carries its operations far beyond the direct manufacture of cars.

Although the Ford Company enjoys practically a monopoly of one type of car, it has never encountered the opprobrium which once befell such organizations as the so-called tobacco trust and the sugar trust. For this there are several reasons. It did not appear on the scene during the period when big business expanded mainly by bludgeoning its competitors. The secret railway rebates, the price-cutting in areas where there was competition and the price-boosting in territory where there was none, and the numerous other forms of ruthless warfare which gave victory to the mightiest, or to the most unscrupulous, had largely disappeared, either through legal suppression or through voluntary abandonment on the discovery that in the long run such tactics did not pay.

The Ford Company, however, has never been a philanthropic organization. Its labor policy, indeed, has been rather hard-boiled. Yet, in selling its product, it has not sought to charge all the trade would bear. It has not sandbagged competitors. It has not resorted to price discrimination. And when it has succeeded in bringing down its production costs it has been prompt to pass the benefit along to its customers. That is why a lot of people, a decade ago, while still regarding many big corporations as malefactors of great wealth, were talking of Henry Ford as a possible candidate for the presidency.

But even those who once were the targets for wholesale public criticism because of their big-business affiliations now enjoy a vastly improved status with the great American public. During the week in which these lines were written the elder Rockefeller celebrated his ninety-first birthday, and his picture appeared in most of the daily newspapers. In one of these his photograph carries the title, "One of America's great philanthropists," and in another it is labeled "The healthy, wealthy and wise great-grandfather."

SO THERE is undoubtedly a change—and a great one—in the attitude of the American people toward large-scale business organizations. What is the explanation? Have the old-fashioned trusts reformed; or have they been tamed by the Government? Have the people grown indifferent; or have they discovered that combinations are not in themselves evil? To explain the situation fully, several answers are necessary.

1. Beyond all doubt big business has better morals and better manners now than it had at the beginning of this century. As one keen observer expresses it, the old method of "knock-out" has been supplanted by the fairer one of "buy-out." Instead of crushing a competitor by giant strength, the big concern today invites him to become a member of its family by offering fair terms—sometimes exceedingly attractive terms—for his properties and good will.

2. In bringing about the abandonment of ruthlessness the attitude of the Government has not been without its effect. In spite of all that has been said about the failure of the anti-trust laws, they have had a restraining influence, not upon the spread of mergers, perhaps, but upon the character and policy of these combinations as and after they are formed. That the Sherman Act is not a dead letter is attested by the fact that seventy-eight suits were filed under it during the five and a half years of the Coolidge Administration, compared with ninety during the eight years under Wilson.

3. With the development of a widespread public interest in securities in recent years there has come a greater degree of political conservatism. When thousands of people all over the country were holding stocks of United States Steel or the Standard Oil companies and looking forward eagerly for a 20-point rise, they were bound to develop a friendlier feeling toward large-scale business. Organizations which many of them once regarded as remote and soulless took on a different appearance when these people became holders of their shares; and when these shares began to move skyward in the great bull market the once-suspected trusts became the founts from which rich blessings flowed.

4. With the growing appreciation of the advantages of quantity production, people ceased to regard big combinations as essentially evil. Automobile owners quickly became impressed with the value of standardized parts and of service stations under unified management where oil and gas of uniform quality were always obtainable at standard prices. Owners of radio sets have likewise perceived the benefits of chain broadcasting, and the pleasures derived from nation-wide hook-ups have tempered the animosity which some of them used to feel toward anything which even looked like a trust.

The change in public sentiment has been reflected in the laws dealing with combinations. Congress has explicitly exempted trade unions and farmers' organizations from the provisions of the Sherman Act. Even more significant was the Webb-Pomerene Act, which exempted combinations entered into for the sole purpose of engaging in export trade. In 1920, in the Transportation Act, Congress not only authorized consolidations of railways but directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to supervise them with a view of obtaining the greatest public benefit without regard to theories of competition. Finally, at the session of Congress just closed, authority was given to oil producers in given fields to combine under government supervision for the purpose of regulating production.

It is evident, then, that a considerable portion of the anti-trust legislation of a generation ago has been whittled away. There are some who urge that the country would benefit if what is now left of it were repealed. But that is another story.

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▶▶ "I Like Europe," Said Mr. Bopp ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

"YES," said Mr. Bopp, "I like Europe."

He sat back in his chair, knocked the ashes from his pipe, fixed me with a ruminative eye, and continued:

"Yes, sir, I like Europe. First of all, I like it because it keeps so many damn-fool Americans from living in America. How the devil could we do our work in New York and Chicago and Kalamazoo if the streets were clogged up with sensitive souls, whom America persisted in misunderstanding, and who insisted on having soul-spasms on crowded downtown corners and asking the traffic cop 'Mais qu'est-ce-que c'est que l'art?' How could we get into the Subway if the entrances were blocked by the inanimate bodies of professional expatriates, who had fallen down in a fit because there was nothing even remotely resembling the Quat-z-Arts ball in South Brooklyn? How could we get money enough together to pay our rent if our wives, instead of spending a good part of their time abroad, insisted on staying twelve months of the year in America and saying to us, every time we praised a buckwheat cake: 'But, Roscoe, you don't understand—you simply do NOT understand!' "

Mr. Bopp puffed at his pipe for a while with vigor and enjoyment. Then he went on:

"Yes, I like Europe. It simplifies matrimony among Americans. It simplifies the relations between American husbands and their wives. It simplifies relations between American fathers and their children. It makes for peace in the American home and good-will among its occupants. It keeps America's asylums from becoming overcrowded with business men who have lost their minds trying to figure out why they were ever born into a social scheme requiring them to donate thousands of dollars yearly to women who, in token of gratitude, make it perfectly clear to them that, culturally speaking, they are not worth thirty cents.

"Yes," said Mr. Bopp, "I like Europe. Take the case of my son, Roscoe Bopp, Jr.

"Now, at a very early age, Roscoe, Jr., developed alarming symptoms of discontent with his environment. He had a way of walking through American life as if it smelled. He developed yearnings for the ineffable, cravings for the inexpressible—'soul-sweats,' I called them.

" 'Father,' he would say to me, 'you simply do NOT understand.'

" 'Yes, I do,' I would retort. 'You are suffering from an overdose of French irregular verbs. Why don't you go out and get drunk?'

"At which he would walk away, deeply wounded, to his ma.

" 'You are cruel to the poor boy,' she would tell me, 'he really is sensitive—he is so like me, so little like you.'

" 'All right,' I said, as I picked up my hat, 'Tell him to buy himself a passage for Europe on some boat or other—a *cheap* one, understand.' And I went downtown to take my daily whirl at earning funds enough to enable my family to despise me in the style to which they were accustomed.

"The scheme worked. Roscoe, Jr., sailed away to Europe and disappeared bodily into Art. He wandered along the boulevards of Paris, alone with his dreams and his soul—and the last check from his dad. Instead of keeping some good man without any soul from occupying one of the minor jobs in my office, and costing me a cool ten thousand a year, he vanished into the jungle of European culture at a total expense, to me, of about twenty-five hundred.

"After a couple of sighs from Roscoe, Jr., and a couple of 'You simply do NOT understands' from his ma, what I said went. Roscoe, Jr., betook himself to Paris, I ordered my secretary to send him twenty-five hundred plunks in quarterly instalments, and I resumed the sordid task of not giving Roscoe, Jr., and his ma the chance of adding 'bankrupt' to the choice selection of pet names they were in the habit of calling me.

"Now, the funny part of it is that Art and Roscoe, Jr., don't really get along for a damn. He is about as much of a Rembrandt as I am of a Shakespeare. He loves Art for exactly three reasons: it allows him to live away from home, gives him the opportunity to speak a jargon that nobody who gets his hair cut regularly can understand, and enables him to look down on nine-tenths of his fellow-Americans. That last reason is the real *leit-motiv* in Roscoe, Jr.'s Art-life. Honestly, I don't know what would happen to the poor boy if he woke up some morning and found himself without an American bank president to look down upon. As it is, he spends eight hours daily speaking Art-lingo, eight hours sneering at America, and eight hours fast asleep. And I send him his allowance punctually and feel that keeping him, at his present stage of development, three thousand miles away from the United States, is cheap at the price.

"Yes," said Mr. Bopp, "I like Europe. Take, for instance, what it does for my wife.

"She, too, is afflicted with an unjustified belief that she has a soul. As a matter of fact, the worst trouble she ever has is an occasional altercation with the cook. But she feels herself warped here, thwarted there, misunderstood all over. So there is nothing for it but an annual trip to Europe.

"It gives her a change and me a rest. It lets her look up Roscoe, Jr., and match souls with him. It enables her to come back home absolutely convinced in her own mind that she has divided her time equally between the Louvre in Paris and the Pitti Palace in Florence, when, as a matter of fact, she has never budged, except for meals, sleep and theatres, from a small area bounded as follows: on the north, the rue de la Paix; on the south, the rue de la Paix; on the west, the rue de la Paix; on the east, the rue de la Paix.

"She comes back home, dripping with undigested culture and unpaid bills, and all I have to do is stand for the first and stand the second. After all, it comes easy to me. You see, I have had a two months' rest and I am honestly glad to see her, and she (though she would rather die than admit it) is fed up, for the time being, with Europe, and genuinely glad to see me. And she tells me that Roscoe, Jr., is all elated at the idea that the picture he thought of painting last year and nearly painted this year will undoubtedly be painted next year, and that he is looking *so well,* dear boy, and getting really interested in the pretty daughter of an Illinois bank president, a girl afflicted, like himself, with an acute attack of temporary Europitis, and—"

Mr. Bopp suddenly stopped talking, filled his pipe, put it back in his mouth, puffed pensively for a few moments, and remarked:

"Yes, I like Europe."

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

EDITH OLIVER has written another book. Maybe that means nothing to you. To us, it means cause for rejoicing. One of our pet publishers is bringing it out. (Publishers who never—well hardly ever—confuse informative content with literary merit or exaggerate the artistic importance of their books are our pets.) The book is *The Triumphant Footman* (Viking Press $2.50) and it is the story of Alphonse Biskin, cockney father, French mother, and a bold, handsome fellow of generous impulse and pretty wit. We see him first as the Lemaurs' footman in Florence. Mrs. Lemaur is a lady who lives only to keep from getting tired. She "liked being petted and also liked having a great many small objects in her room. Such were her sole reactions to love and to beauty." Alphonse was an excellent footman and spoke the languages. But he had been an artist's model in his youth, and loved the limelight. His first masquerade took place while he served the Lemaurs, and nearly ended in a scrape. His second happened also with them, while on a visit to London in Jubilee Year. He went to the Lord Mayor's Ball, being fond of the dance, as a succession of foreign potentates. Also he fell in love with the leading lady of *Ruddigore* and managed cleverly to meet her. But she turned out not to be the leading lady. But Alphonse's greatest, indeed his permanent dressing-up happened after poor Captain Lemaur had died, fanning his wife, and after Mrs. Lemaur had followed him, leaving her fortune to Alphonse, her "faithful secretary." The footman became M. de Bisque, Vicomte de Beaujeu, and as part of that beautiful game he went to England, took "a little house masquerading as a great one," and broke into county society. He overreached himself a bit with a cotillion which became a circus, but he won a lovely lady who was a real de Bisque. The heart interest of *The Triumphant Footman* is as gay as all the rest for Alphonse's lady liked him best when he was an unblushing adventurer and never tired of laughing at his escapades. The charming tomfoolery of this story will keep you fascinated and amused from the first page to the last. Its deft, precise prose will at once soothe and tickle you. Light as gossamer, it is none the less firm and careful in construction, and lit by quick, sparkling character sketches and by scenes of delicate tenderness. The footman, himself, is no more finished as a characterization than are Mrs. Lemaur, the wrinkled, bejewelled tyrant, her good, foolish husband, and Dove, her maid, with the face of an eagle, but a nature as gentle as her name, and a tendency to suffer from car-sickness. In *The Triumphant Footman* the art of light fiction is perfectly practiced, originality is matched with skill, and wisdom, itself, masquerades in mask and domino.

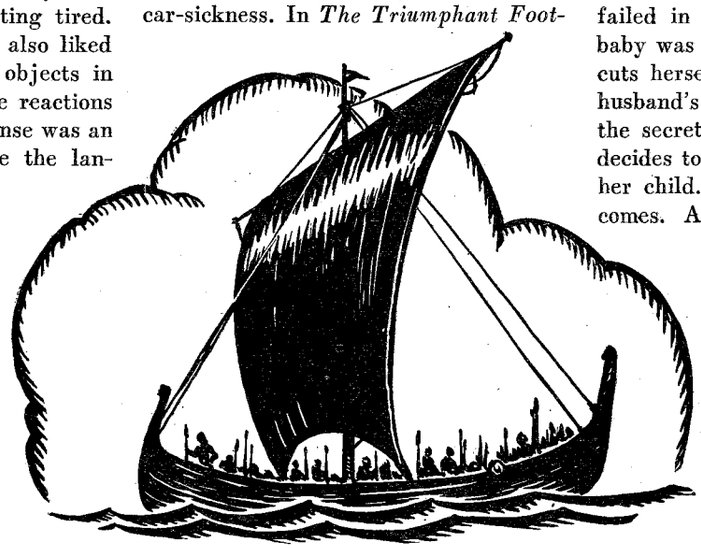

Illustration from "Tale of the Warrior Lord" by Merriam Sherwood (Longmans, Green)

Revelation by André Birabeau (translated by Ina, Lady Troubridge Viking Press $2.50) is a dramatic story of mother-love. Madame Casseneuil adores her only child, a boy of eighteen. Because her husband is an important political reporter and wanders over the world, scarcely ever at home, the boy is peculiarly her own. Since he has gone away to work, especially, she lives in his letters and in her mementos of his childhood. After a few charming pages which give Madame Casseneuil's characteristics and her setting, *Revelation* discloses its tragic theme. The boy is killed and the broken mother, going to see his body, finds that he has had an ardent lover and that the lover is a man. Immediately everything that life has brought her, even its final gift of sorrow, is made hideous by the thought that her son was "a monster." All that she cherished is tainted by lust. She relives the boy's life and her own trying to find the seeds that were to sprout so shamefully. She recalls her efforts to keep the boy free from the entanglements into which his friends have fallen. (The most touching single incident in the book, and a fine example of economy in narrative writing, is the incident of the school-boy who became a father and failed in his examinations because his baby was having whooping-cough.) She cuts herself off from the solace of her husband's love by her decision to keep the secret even from him. At last, she decides to kill the beast that debauched her child. And then another revelation comes. André Birabeau has told his pathetic and passionate story with finished skill, with a deep understanding of how minds work, and with that rare combination of frankness and delicacy which seems to come unsought to French writers.

A ripe American comedy and a smooth piece of satirical fiction is *Youth Dares All* (Macaulay $2.50). The anonymous author is by no means an inexperienced one, and guesses as to his identity are in order. This absurd story is the Odyssey of Eddie Law, American. Eddie is a great fellow and knows his own worth. He has already knocked about some when the story opens in Gardiner, New Hampshire, where a hitch-hike has landed him, and where he falls in love with Elsie Hubbard, the boarding house keeper's lovely daughter. Elsie becomes Eddie's star, his pure white light of inspiration. For her he will seek his fortune and come back with it in two years. His adventures carry him far and wide. Phoney mines, real estate schemes, a sentimental episode with a chicken farm, gun-men on the Canadian border, an interlude among the Creepers, a religious

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sect whose peculiarities have attracted the attention of a lady novelist, and above all a variety of females (but none his star), keep Eddie busy not for two years but for seven. He covers North America and samples its goods. Then he goes back to Gardiner to find his star fallen. Cheerfully, but ah, bitterly, he pushes her further down, and then goes off for new worlds to conquer. The story of *Youth Dares All* is told in the first person, Eddie translating everything that happens to fit his own romance, and its style is delicious. The book is juicy in its humor and is a cruel but truthful portrait of a certain common type of American. The eternal adolescent, innocent hypocrite, victim of untoward circumstance, quick-witted and empty-headed, slick and lazy, full of preachy phrases, convinced that he has a mission in life, bumptious, slyly lustful, sentimental, incredibly conceited: everybody knows Eddie Law.

Boys and girls who are studying American history are fortunate in the stories about Lincoln with which the Civil War period can be made for them a time of real men and women and not a gallery of absurd and ugly statues. They have Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews' short stories, they have Winston Churchill's *Coniston,* which deserves to be remembered, and they have Honoré W. Morrow's three excellent novels, *Forever Free, With Malice Toward None,* and, now, *The Last Full Measure* (Morrow $2.50). This is the story of Lincoln's last weeks, and of his death, and of Booth's conspiracy. To take the lesser figures first, the Booth material is beautifully handled. His conspiracy begins with the semi-official sanction of Confederate agents in Canada, and develops, through Booth's delusions of grandeur and high tragic destiny, into the melodramatic concoction of an unbalanced mind. It is at one point as near to becoming maudlin, harmless fiasco as terrible success. Other historical figures are vividly presented, Seward and Stanton, Hay and Grant, Mrs. Lincoln and the sons, Bob and Tad. Following recent historians, Mrs. Morrow depicts Andrew Johnson as a man in sore straits, consenting, against his prejudices, to carry out Lincoln's reconstruction plans after the President, under premonition of death, has outlined them to him. And Lincoln, himself, as in the two previous novels, is a grand, human figure here, a homely giant among pygmies, a man to love as well as to revere. Mrs. Morrow's novels are not written for children. Their clear, warm style and the accuracy of their material make them satisfactory to adults. But they are especially rich in the picturesque quality, the spirited narrative and dialogue which delight young people, and they should become fixtures in the high-school student's library.

This week we stole a book from our detective-story-reading colleague's desk, and nearly received the usual wages of sin. The horrible stories in *The Thrill of Evil* by H. Ashton-Wolfe (Houghton, Mifflin $3) almost scared us to death. Mr. Ashton-Wolfe was formerly associated with the Paris police, and we

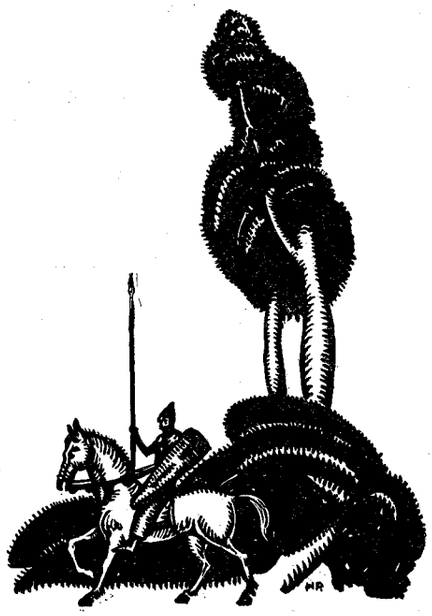

Illustration from "Tale of the Warrior Lord" by Merriam Sherwood (Longmans, Green)

gather that the stories which he tells are true, since he refers to them as cases in a preface in which he says that he selected these particular thrill crimes to show that "all crime is due to a weakening of the mental fibre" and that "the criminal instinct is a disease." If the stories are true, they are among the most melodramatic and fantastic criminal records which could exist. Such a murderer as Doctor Bougrat, who progressed from lust to drugs and to murder, is no doubt common enough. But the story of "The Tattooed Men" is typical Conan Doyle; and Professor La Marra, the six-toed Voodoo priest, and M. Cadoudal, the were-wolf, are gruesome figures, worthy of Sax Rohmer at his most imaginative and horrid. Don't read these stories at night.

The mildly humorous escapades of the younger generation are the subjects of the stories in *The Young Livingstons* by Denis Mackail (Houghton, Mifflin $2). The Livingstons are brother and sister united by that affection and defensive alliance against the world which the author finds typical of brothers and sisters, today, and a new thing in fraternal relationships. The innocent gay doings of these young Londoners and their various ways of tapping the paternal check-book provide amusement, but amusement so fragile that it frequently broke in our hands. Mr. Mackail is plainly fond of and diverted by his young people, and he knows their speech, ways and ideas.

As you will have read in all the papers, William J. Marsh, junior, an eleven year old boy in New England, has written a book, *Our President, Herbert Hoover* and Doubleday, Doran is publishing it ($1.00). William wrote the book, himself, and he and his brother set up, printed and bound the first copies. William's immediate relatives have a right to be proud of his perseverance and handiness. There is no reason why any one else should read his book. He is no Daisy Ashford to entertain with naïve sentiments and expressions. He is quite an ordinary, bright boy and it is a shocking shame that he and his pleasure should be exploited. We look to see some such announcement, shortly—"The next book by William J. Marsh, junior, biographer of President Hoover, will be *On the Crest of the Wave: The True Story of a Bus-boy's Life in a South Pole Night Club.* Following that Schuday, Domon and Company will publish his psychoanalytical novel, *Sans Everything.*"

Instead of wasting your time and money on William's effort, read *The Small Years* by Frank Kendon (Macmillan $2.50), an English poet's memories of his childhood. "The early lilacs became part of this child." This lovely line of Whitman's finds a thousand variations in Mr. Kendon's book. His is not a remote childhood for he is now only in his early thirties. His memories do not include, like ours, sleighrides behind a jingling, plume-tossing team, the jolting, smelly progress of the old Fifth Avenue busses, the blazing petticoat of the first Wellsbach burners. He remembers the noise of an electric separator at the dairy, and how you pressed a button in the dark room and there was light. But his memories of childhood have much in common with all our memories. Especially he describes the comfortable limits of the child's physical world, the sweet and easy

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transition from reality to dream and back; the sense of oneness with life which children usually and adults seldom feel; the joys of "let's pretend," which are always honest pretending and never the shamefast or the self-deceiving pretendings of grown-ups. There is much in his book which should give pause to "progressive educators," and some things which child psychologists might ponder. But, above all, *The Small Years* is a rare delight for lovers of simple and beautiful English. To review it is actually to quote it, or to want to quote it page by page. It is not a book for many people. But the few who read it will cherish it and keep it to read again.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Behind the Blurbs

ONE thing which struck us forcibly in the month's travel in Germany from which we have just returned, was the excellence of German bookstores. Not a town of any size at all which does not support at least one store with a well selected stock. The fact that the lending library is a rarity may have something to do with this, nevertheless we know of few towns of 50,000 in America which have as many and as fine bookstores as several German towns of 15,000 that we visited. And even in towns of three and five thousand you will find at least one first class shop. ☙☙☙ The old Tauchnitz edition is still in evidence, but the stocks carried are smaller than they used to be before the War, and judging from the lists of titles recently added, the selections are very badly made. Many important novels published in England and America during the past year or so were not obtainable in this edition, and many unimportant or worthless titles included. ☙☙☙ We are probably the only American who visited Germany this year who did not see the Passion Play. Certainly we are the only one who visited Oberammergau and did not see it. There were so many pleasant things to do that required no effort at all that we just never got round to doing the really important ones. There's always a seat in the shade and a mug of cool beer and a band to listen to and a crowd to watch for any one who has seven or eight cents. Why, said we whenever we saw a group of tables covered with bright checked table cloths, go farther and fare worse? This pretty well sums up our trip to Germany. So if you want to know anything about the Passion Play or what Germany is like, you must consult other authorities. One book which gives you rather a good idea, although it is pretty sentimental and has some attempts at fine writing that might better not have been made is, *Legendary Germany, Oberammergau and Bayreuth*[1], which is an account of a trip through the Reich from the point of view of the average traveler. It reflects very well the thing that principally impressed us — the pleasantness of travel in Germany. ☙☙☙ We have looked through *Writing for Profit*[2], and it seems to us a very comprehensive and up-to-date guide for the beginning writer. Excellent are the long quotations from various magazine editors on different aspects of technique. It is the first book we have seen that has a chapter on writing radio continuities. ☙☙☙ *Uncle Sam's Attic*[3], sub-titled *The Intimate Story of Alaska,* contains a great deal of information, historical and descriptive, about that northwestern territory, which should be of interest to Americans everywhere. It is not very well written, but it is interesting nevertheless. ☙☙☙ Michael had to go to the train to meet a perfectly strange girl and tell her that her brother had just been murdered. This happens in *The Mystery at Newton Ferry*[4]. Michael didn't like the job very well, particularly as it seemed rather likely that the brother deserved what he got. He had, we regret to say, attacked a lady, and the lady's husband had plugged him. But then comes evidence of a pistol shot an hour and a half earlier than the husband's report of the affair. And then the girl disappears. Of course Michael was head over heels in love with her by this time, for the story had been going on for some seventy pages. So he appeals to his old friend, Sir James Erskine of—all places!—Scotland Yard, and they find a number of very queer things. Michael, we think,

THE LAND AND THE PEASANT IN RUMANIA

by DAVID MITRANY

Between the seething frontiers of Russia and the States of Central Europe, Rumania (always a theater of vivid happenings) is undertaking one of the most interesting social revolutions of modern times. The peasantry have lived as in an "island" of ancient picturesque costumes, Romance language, charming but primitive villages—and only since the World War loosed the social roots have they undertaken to throw off an ancient servile system. These Rumanians are today writing a chapter of history that, at the other end of Europe, is a corollary to the French Revolution.

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The above title is one of the series called THE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. This comprehensive work is published in six countries and deals with the effects of the war upon all nations. It is the most searching war record ever undertaken. Because of the support of the Carnegie Endowment, the cost of these books is unusually reasonable. Write to the publishers for a list of titles and prices.

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The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **The Thrill of Evil,** by H. Ashton-Wolfe: Houghton, Mifflin.
Novel: **The Triumphant Footman,** by Edith Oliver: Viking Press.
Biography: **The Last Full Measure,** by Honoré W. Morrow: W. W. Morrow.
Miscellaneous: **The Small Years,** by Frank Kendon: Macmillan.

1. By Regina Jais, MacVeagh, $2.50.
2. By Donald Wilhelm, McGraw Hill, $3.00.
3. By Mary Lee Davis, Wilde, $3.50.
4. By Laurence Meynell, Lippincott, $2.00.

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was rather a fool, for he failed to exercise in the pursuit of the criminals even the most elementary kind of caution, and they caught him and—but read the story. It's a very good yarn. ☙☙☙ Philip Tracy, otherwise known as "Spike," a most lovable amateur sleuth, breezes into the horrible situation of *The Murder of Cecily Thane*[5], wife of a millionaire importer of precious stones. Elton Thane, returning home shortly before four in the morning, discovers her shot through the head, jewels torn from her neck and the private wall safe rifled of many valuable stones. Several people in or about the Thane premises on the fatal night are suspected: her brother, who is in financial difficulties, the Fennels, the old family friends and Tommy Spencer, a gigolo with whom Mrs. Thane frequented night clubs. The irrepressible Spike defies all police precedents, buzzes gaily around the serious-minded professionals,

Drawn by Alida Conover for "Linnet on the Threshold" (Longmans Green)

irritating them to the point of explosion one minute and stinging them with his shrewd deductions the next. Many involved situations are worked out in a most unusual manner, making this book outstanding among recent detective stories. ☙☙☙ *The Yellow Crystal*[6] sets Dr. Hailey's clever brain to work again to solve the strange mystery surrounding the death of Sir John Oldway whose body was found floating in the water with the top of his head smashed in. A letter, following a premonition of death, to his friend, Col. Wickham of Scotland Yard, throws no light on the motive. Stealthy footsteps in the night that Dr. Hailey follows only bring him up against a blank wall. The dental plate found in the sand and the broken pieces of a yellow crystal are all pieced together for the solution of the problem by that master of jigsaw puzzles, Dr. Hailey.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

5. By Helen Ashbrook, Coward McCann, $2.00.
6. By Anthony Wynne, Lippincott, $2.00.

▸▸ The Pursuit of Personality ◂◂

As Outlined in Recent Books on Psychology

IF BOOKS on personality published in the last five years were laid in a row, it would probably extend from New York to San Francisco. Yet librarians, book-sellers, lecturers and consultants complain that they are asked continually to name a good, practical book on self-understanding and haven't one to recommend. The trouble is most writers on the elusive subject of the human being are propagandists. One sees psychoanalysis as a cure-all while another believes the new psychology unsound and urges us to accept only those facts which have been tested in a laboratory. Some attribute our difficulties to diet, others to posture. Meanwhile the layman becomes so bewildered he decides not to make over his personality this season but to worry along with his old and battered outfit of habits and ideas.

Joseph Jastrow has managed to avoid both propaganda and perplexing terminology in *Piloting Your Life* (Greenberg). He offers in simple and direct form some essentials of mental hygiene. The material was prepared originally for the author's column in a metropolitan newspaper and while it has been brought together around the idea of the psychologist as helmsman, guiding the voyager through narrow straits and shoals to port, there is a certain lack of continuity in the various sections. On the other hand, it is no small achievement to assemble such a mass of scientific information and put it into popular form.

Cultivating Personality by William S. Walsh (E. P. Dutton) stresses particularly the "pleasing personality" by which is meant the development of such social traits as amiability, friendliness, cheerfulness, courtesy and consideration in contrast with self-centeredness, irritability, depression, snobbishness and shyness. One might suspect from this statement that the book would have a flavor of the Sunday School tract, but it hasn't. Dr. Walsh offers no hope of cultivating personality by precept. He considers our disturbances in the light of modern psychology and medicine. In the matter of irritability, for instance, he shows how heredity, environment, circumstances, the physical condition, and glands may play a part. But if irritability is of the spirit, it must be faced, acknowledged and dealt with. Since so many writers omit the little detail of what to do about our wrong mental mechanisms, *Cultivating Personality* deserves special praise for giving definite procedures by which to correct unsocial and unlovely traits.

If you happen to prefer to study personality without benefit of popular style, *Introduction to Mental Hygiene* by Ernest R. Groves and Phyllis Blanchard (Henry Holt) is a useful source book. The authors have every intention of attending to the serious business of surveying the background of the whole mental hygiene movement, with its various ramifications into the fields of psychiatry, psychology and sociology. The chapter on *Mental Hygiene Aspects of Literature* with its selected lists of fiction and biography and its analysis of current trends, ought, however, to interest those who consider themselves general readers.

Bringing Up Your Child by Edwina Abbott Cowan and Avis D. Carlson (Duffield and Company) has an encouraging atmosphere. Maybe it is due to the clear type and attractive make-up of the book or perhaps it is the readable style in which Avis Carlson presents the psychological methods worked out by Dr. Cowan, as a mother and as a consultant. Every one is familiar with the effects of negative association of ideas. We all know people who shudder when they see apple sauce or apple pie because when they were young they were made terribly ill by eating green apples. This is negative conditioning. But it is perfectly possible to use the same mechanism in a positive way, and provide for the young a pleasant association with the health-giving apple. Dr. Cowan's technique of what she calls conditioned response is stated so simply that even the least gifted parent should be able to learn painlessly how to condition a child's responses, not only to spinach and cod-liver oil but to those gracious ways which lead to the development of agreeable personalities.

Alfred Adler's new books come off the presses with the rapidity of exploding fire-crackers. *The Education of Children* (Greenberg) is a third arrival within as many months. But we are not with those who suggest that Dr. Adler should be persuaded to practice Book Control. Even if he does say the same thing over and over, repetition is a well known educational device. *The Education of Children* includes most of the usual formula of Individual Psychology: unity of personality, striving for superiority, style of life and goal. Yet if after thousands of years the human race has not learned to be social, it should hear early and

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

The Young and Secret, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Charming, light romance in London setting. Reviewed July 2.

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl, with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Brilliant, acrid sketches and short stories. Reviewed June 18.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe, by Zane Grey: Harpers. Love and feuds in New Mexico. Reviewed June 25.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little Brown. A distinguished and highly readable history of America's greatest family. Reviewed June 18.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.

Roosevelt, by Owen Wister: Macmillan. Entertaining portrait of the President, as revealed in fifty years of intimate association.

Byron, by André Maurois: Appleton. Brilliant biography of the poet who was his own tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

Magazine Articles Recommended

Keeping Up With Mr. Shaw, by G. K. Chesterton, reprinted in The Living Age, July 15th.

Some critics maintain that Bernard Shaw's latest play, *The Apple Cart,* (now available in book form) is a renunciation of his earlier philosophy. Mr. Chesterton disagrees. Believing that the play is "about the best he ever wrote," the essayist goes on to say that Shaw "is the only dramatist who seems to have any notion of what is really happening in the world to-day" and understands "that monarchy is now the mood of the hour everywhere, whether rightly or wrongly; and that popular government is actually less popular than it deserves."

Aristocracy Still the Ruling Class in England, by Prof. H. J. Laski. Current History, July.

When England's first labor government came into power, timid souls prophesied collapse of the social system. They were pleasantly surprised to see little or no change in the governmental structure. Professor Laski examines the British body politic and shows that, by yielding on certain points of "external privilege," the aristocracy has "retained, even intensified its social prestige. . . . The accession of Labor," he remarks, "cannot be regarded as a decisive challenge to the framework of traditional England."

Action in Drama, by O. W. Firkins. Theatre Arts Monthly, July.

When you report that such-and-such a play is "full of action," what do you mean? Mr. Firkins, author and dramatic critic, writes of the relation between speech and bodily movement on the stage. "Action," he says, "occurs when any pointed change in mental states is communicated to the audience by some clear and forcible means. . . . Trouble begins when we insist that movement is identical with action. . . . Movement is sometimes action. When? Speech is sometimes action. When? The answer to both questions is the same, that either becomes action when it becomes the indicator of pointed mental change. . . . It works a mental revolution in the hearer."

often of the social point of view. The development of social feeling, Adler states, is the barometer of the child's normality. In fact, it is around the question of social feeling that Individual Psychology has developed its pedagogical technique. When a child first goes to school he meets a severe test. If he has learned, from his home life, to make friends, to adjust his ego to the group, to take his part in the activities of work and play, he has started at least with the hope of a happy and successful life. But if he has been pampered, if he has developed disagreeable compensations for inferiority, parents and teachers must re-educate him and awaken and develop a social attitude. It sounds simple. But whoever has tried to show a young anarchist what it's like to act like a social human being, knows it isn't.

It is chiefly when the individual comes into conflict with the group that the pursuit of personality becomes complicated. Neurosis develops, according to experts in psychology when the "I want" of the human being with all his drives for self-expression, meets the "You must not" of society. As an aid to understanding what social pressure has been like, in different periods, each of which has had its peculiar pattern of conduct, we recommend *Mrs. Grundy: A History of Four Centuries of Morals Intended to Illuminate Present Problems in Great Britain and the United States,* by Leo Markun (D. Appleton). One of the fascinating features of this book is its illustrations, particularly the cartoons and caricatures, which range from a sixteenth century portrayal of witches to Robert Minor's well known picture of Anthony Comstock with his protest to the Court "Your Honor, this woman gave birth to a naked child!"

Nothing proves more conclusively that morals are a matter of relativity than a survey of the historical background of social attitudes. What determines modesty, for instance? In one part of the world a decent woman may go naked but woe to her if she shows her face to any one except her husband. In another region virtuous men must hide their knees. It's hard to realize that even the word legs was taboo in Massachusetts a hundred years ago. A visitor to a young ladies' seminary found the four limbs of a piano wearing modest little trousers with frills. And those who read for days all the little details connected with the expected birth of an aviation hero's heir are surprised to learn that not so very long ago American newspapers hesitated about publishing the news that any child had been born for fear of outraging the reader's sense of propriety.

FROM ORPHEUS TO PAUL

A HISTORY of ORPHISM

By Vittorio D. Macchioro
(OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NAPLES)

The astonishing story of a little-known mystery religion—its origin, conquest of Greece, and its alliance with Christianity in St. Paul.

"The next writer who undertakes to maintain that Christianity owed nothing to the Greek mystery religions will have to answer Macchioro."
Winfred Ernest Garrison, University of Chicago

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ROOSEVELT
The Story of a Friendship

"The charm with which Owen Wister writes sets this book apart from all other books ever written about Roosevelt."—*New York Times.*

MACMILLAN $4.00

Leo Markun gives credit to psychoanalysis for lifting some of the bans, particularly discussion of sex. Yet, though legs may be worn openly and children born with propriety, it remains for some logician of the future to explain Mrs. Grundy's whims. Undoubtedly, our descendants may consider many of our current conventions quaint in the extreme. They may wonder at the twists of thought behind our prohibition movement, our censorship of books and plays, our cruelties to those who hold unpopular political ideals or belong to other races. A book like *Mrs. Grundy* should provide texts for many sermons. And to those who are interested in social psychology it will be a source book of customs, attitudes and behavior, explaining the origins of many fears and phobias of today.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Dawn Patrol"

HOLLYWOOD always waits to be shown how. Afraid to risk a tragic war story for many years, most of the big producers waited while Tiffany made *Journey's End* (from England) and Universal made *All Quiet* (from Germany). Now the ice is melting. The great Hollywooden-head log jam is breaking up. These two war pictures are fine and the public, contrary to all the rules of the game, appreciates their superiority. Furthermore, somebody has pointed out that the only two films now making money on Broadway are the *Big House* and *All Quiet*—both tragic, even ghastly on occasion. So the boys on the Coast opened up a case of tragedy and put on *The Dawn Patrol* starring Richard Barthelmess. I regret to report that in spite of some stunning aerial photography in which our hero drops bombs on a vast munition plant before your very eyes, its dramatics have something of the quality of a dime novel. Ideas being what they are in California, it was decided to combine the best features of both *Journey's End* and *All Quiet* in a single picture. Slick, eh? Double barrel! Socko! Thus we are treated to the sight of Mr. Barthelmess drinking himself to death to cover his fear—*and* railing bitterly between drinks about the shame of sending such mere children up to their deaths. He is the commander of an air unit in France, and as the picture progresses all the original lads are killed off while the replacements get younger and younger. Finally even Dick himself is shot down after his spectacular bombing episode. There is an unkind fate which hangs over all imitations which somehow renders them sterile and synthetic. Both the German novel and the British play were produced by men who had been through the things they wrote about. The *Dawn Patrol* is simply another example of the fact that a real dramatic structure is pretty much of an inspiration and can not be synthetically created by blueprints. It also resembles the earlier films in that there are no women in the cast.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: A tremendously moving war film—unlike anything you have seen before. One of the finest pictures ever made.

Anybody's War: Moran and Mack (who were going years before Amos 'n' Andy) are entertaining in some blackface nonsense.

The Big House: Chester Morris and Wallace Beery in a bloody jail riot. Fairly realistic but a little too smooth.

The Florodora Girl: Marion Davies in frills and flounces as one of the gay sextet of 1900.

Holiday: The stunning Ann Harding giving a beautiful performance in Philip Barry's play. A civilized, adult comedy.

Journey's End: A faithful reproduction of the British war play with an all-English cast.

"For the Defense"

The same author, director and star who made the superlative *Street of Chance* have turned out another finished talkie. If *For the Defense* lacks something of the former picture's dramatic strength, it still boasts of Oliver H. P. Garrett's well-written dialogue, John Cromwell's direction and a performance from William Powell as smooth as his own silk hat. The handsome Kay Francis is the lady involved.

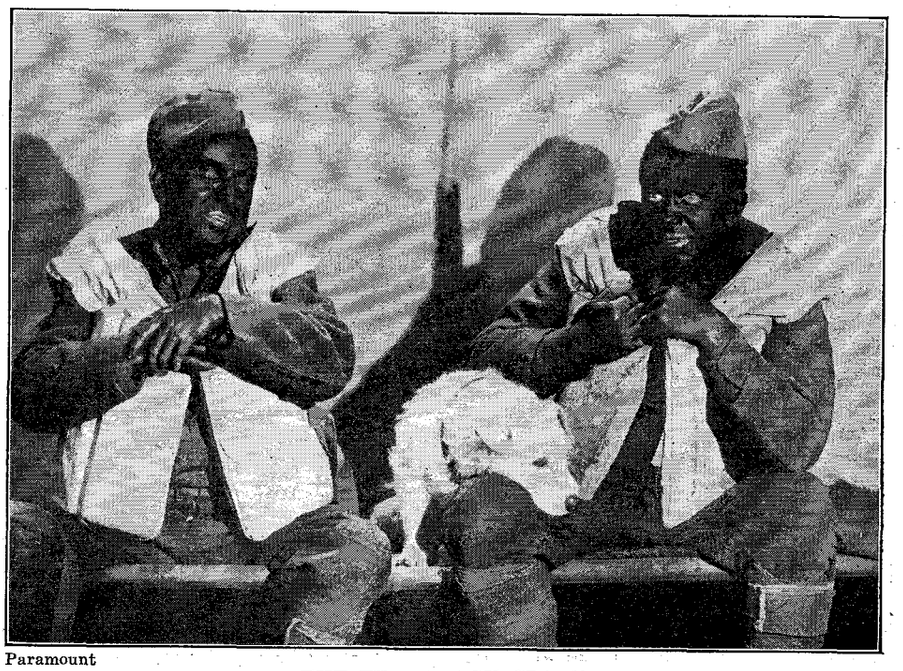
As you have no doubt discovered already, Mr. Powell's racketeers and underworld big business men are so superior to the average film bad men that there is no comparison. In *For the Defense* he plays the part of a silver-tongued, jury-swaying lawyer who makes a specialty of defending crooks. The big moment comes when he is asked to defend a young fellow who has killed a milkman while driving his car under the influence of liquor. It turns out that this boy has been trying to get Mr. Powell's lady friend—Kay Francis—to marry him. Needless to say Powell does the gallant thing and, by an involved manoeuvre which makes sense when you see it, gets himself sent up to Sing Sing for a year while the boy goes free. He deliberately bribes a juror in order to kill the case. The whole thing is beautifully edited, the pictures and dialogue working together with unusual success. Every word, every gesture counts. There are neither padding nor theme songs.

"Let Us Be Gay"

Norma Shearer's latest is pleasant entertainment even if it does take certain liberties with the Rachel Crothers play from which it was made. Some of the dialogue has been cheapened a little and the first scene changed to conform with the great American idea that husbands love their wives only when they are snappily dressed. Rod LaRocque is the wandering husband who is brought back into harness after seeing Norma with her hair bobbed and minus her glasses. How stage and movie heroines get along without their glasses when they are "beautified" a great many people would like to know.

The really important person in this picture however—and in nearly every other picture Metro has made this year—is Marie Dressler, who sailing about as an imperious dowager under full canvas attempts to blast her way through every situation, to the audience's delight.

Let Us Be Gay is not especially exciting and has almost no photographic action—but its dialogue is usually intelligent and certainly as a whole it is miles above the average movie show.



Paramount

THE TWO BLACK CROWS

Moran and Mack and their hound "Deep Stuff"—all of whom are to be seen in "Anybody's War"

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

New Shoes

STORES had always held a magic for him. As he stood in front of this one—staring at it from the shadows across the street, listening for the sound of a chance footstep through the dark stillness—he remembered how he had felt about stores when he was a little boy. They had everything. Everything you could ever want or dream about somehow got into the stores. It had all looked wonderful to him then; he had thought, way back there, that all you had to do was to pick what you wanted—just walk inside any store and say: "Mister, gimme that thing over there!" or, "Mister! take that thing out the window. I wannit!"

Later, when he was out of dresses and knew better, he used to make up things to himself, like pretending. With his nose pressed flat as a button against a store window and his eyes crossing each other to look at a sled—or maybe it was a baseball—he would suppose it was a stranger that came along, wearing a big beard and a tall hat and carrying a gold cane and a big heavy chain across his stomach with a watch on the end of it. "Son," he would say, stopping still all of a sudden, "What'r'ye lookin' at?" And then he would say as if it was a joke: "Is there anything you want in that window?" And presently, seeing that the kid hadn't a word to say and was trying to remember his tongue, he would go on in a kind voice, "Well, I guess you didn't know it was my store you been a lookin' inter. And if there's anything in that store you'd like to have, just speak up."

He had to grin, now, when he remembered the pipe dreams. Maybe he'd got over wanting a sled, but here he was twenty-five years old, his feet almost on the ground, and only rags to cover him; wanting shoes—and a shirt—and waiting outside a store at night for a chance to break in and get 'em. Well, he was grown now; he'd got on to the game. Stores wasn't for anything but to show you what you needed and couldn't have; making other folks rich. What had they ever told him except to get the hell off their sidewalks? Well, now he was grown he'd show 'em.

He stepped out of the shadows carelessly and started across the street. Not a soul was around at this hour, not a sound to be heard but his own step, quiet in its ragged shoe. Around at the side of the building was a window; he knew just how to go about it. A quick jerk of his arm—no noise to worry about—a moment to listen—and a slow hoisting of himself inside.

He must be careful about a light—move quickly and find the things he wanted. Underwear—shirts — socks — ties. Shoes. He undressed with one quick gesture and began to cover himself with new clothes. As many as he could wear, that was the idea; and then his rags on top of them.

He was soon dressed and, covered once more with his rags, only bulkier than before, began to look for shoes. With the help of a few cautious matches he found his size. He sat down in the dark and tried them on. As he tied the laces, new and stiff, and felt the solid leather under his hand, he knew an old feeling of pride. Why gosh! he felt the way he used to when he was a kid—he stood up and lifted his feet consideringly, one after the other. He took a step—another—and felt his face relax with surprise, with delight. For there rose unmistakably from the blackness of the floor, the hushed squeak of new leather. Why, he remembered when he was a kid—a pair of shoes he had—

In the stillness outside a far sound dropped suddenly like a pebble. He glanced quickly at the open window and saw there was a grayness in the air. In another moment he was on the street again, seeking shadows, slipping quietly into the distance.

He chose to walk on streets that morning that were far off from the looted store. If he could go far enough he might risk pawning a few of those extra pieces. But as the sun rose he became uneasy. Then startled. For with every step a separate sun pushed forward on each foot, and above each new sound of the day, a squeak rose louder and more loudly from the pavement.

He walked as quietly as he might. He remembered with revulsion his childhood pleasure in new shoes; the sound of the bright, cackling leather became hateful to his ears, filling him with alarm, and then with panic. He would go somewhere—he would take them off—he would walk in his new stockings—no, that would be noticed. He stopped stock still and looked around him wildly. As he raised his eyes, he met the thoughtful gaze of a cop.

The cop stepped nearer and touched him regretfully on the ragged shoulder. "I been listening," he said slowly, "to those new shoes o'yourn. Let's go somewheres and talk it over."

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Working for Eternity

By ARTHUR STRAWN

IT IS one of the curiosities of modern art that England's foremost sculptor should be a native American, born on New York's East Side of parents who were Polish-Jewish immigrants. That man is Jacob Epstein, regarded by many as one of the greatest artists of our generation, a sculptor whose originality of conception and power of execution have won him recognition as a genius of the first rank.

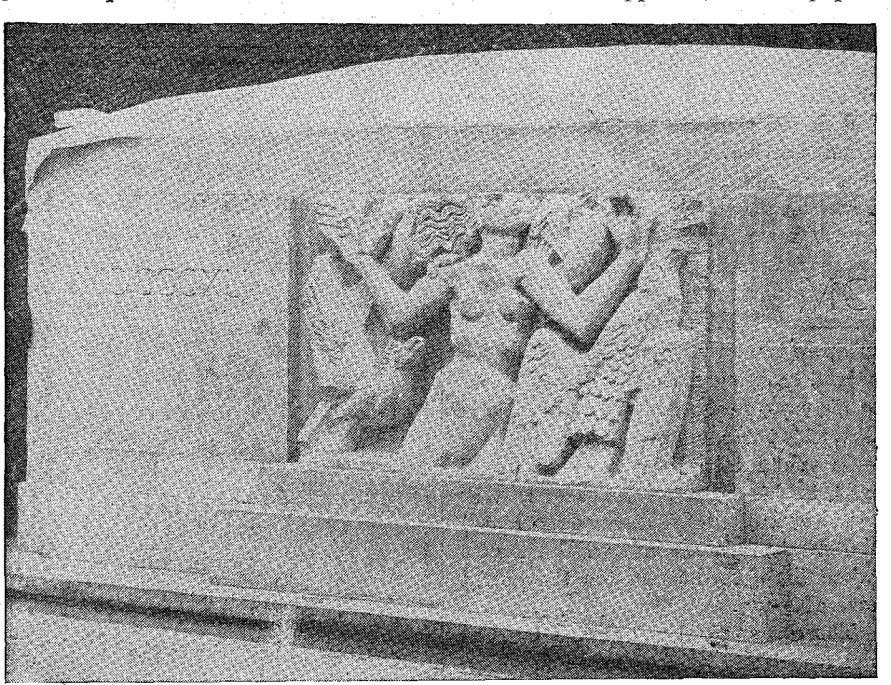
All great originality excites controversy, and of no one is this more true than of Epstein. Practically every public monument he has executed abroad has been the center of violent disagreement. The unveiling of one of his public works is the signal for heated editorial comment in the press and the publication of numerous letters, some denouncing the work as "vicious, immoral and indecent," others hailing it as a supreme expression of genius. One of his statues so aroused indignation that it was tarred and feathered one night. Another was smeared with paint. He is probably the only living sculptor whose work has provoked enough passion to make it necessary to call out Scotland Yard and the police of London and Paris to protect his monuments from rioters.

In the heat of all this controversy Epstein remains calm. "I would be a fool to pay attention to the artistic opinions of the man in the street," he says. "I work for eternity."

And with the self-assurance of genius, he goes on working, indifferent alike to blame or praise. The mere fact that he continues to get commissions for important public works would indicate that his complacency is somewhat justified.

Epstein went from New York to London thirty years ago, a short, pale young man of twenty, with intense burning eyes and curly black hair;—penniless, but with the conviction that he was potentially the world's greatest sculptor. He worked hard, lived for weeks at a time on rice and tea, and made his studio and home in an old stable. He was introduced to a wealthy patroness of the arts, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, who financed him through the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, where he won important prizes before returning to London. He married a Scotch girl and with her settled down to poverty in Chelsea. They occupied two bare rooms, one serving as studio. They slept on a mattress on the floor. To earn money Epstein served as model at an art school, posing three nights a week from six to ten, earning $1.50 a night.

In time his work began to excite interest among fellow-artists, particularly among the younger men representing the revolt from Victorian tradition. Then in 1908 the British Medical Association commissioned him to do the sculpturing for its new home in London. He carved eighteen nude symbolic figures and set them around the façade. A volley of protests followed. The Church announced its disapproval, the newspapers denounced Epstein and important persons in the realm of art and letters joined in the attack. But the architects who had selected Epstein expressed approval. The *Times*, surprisingly enough, came to his defense, and the affair ended in a victory for him. The row made the twenty-eight-year-old sculptor a public figure.



Keystone

EPSTEIN'S STATUE OF RIMA
The memorial to W. H. Hudson in Hyde Park, London

Keystone

JACOB EPSTEIN
Photographed with his life-size group, Madonna and Child

In the following year he was commissioned to do the memorial to Oscar Wilde for the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris. The nude symbolic figures he carved for this upset even the usually tolerant French. There were riots and the cemetery was invaded. To prevent more trouble city officials placed a bronze fig leaf over part of the statue.

When the War came Epstein, now a naturalized British subject, was caught in the draft. Officials of the British Museum, the National Art Collection and the Wallace Collection backed a petition to gain him exemption. But Epstein was taken to camp. Exactly what happened is somewhat obscure, but a strong rumor, originating among friends of Epstein, has it that he simply walked out of camp one day. He was not interested in the War and would not fight, and only the intervention of powerful friends saved him from being shot for desertion.

Since then he has given three exhibitions of his works, provoking more heated debate with his statue of Venus and his conception of Christ, a gaunt, nude figure newly-risen from the tomb.

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Important collectors paid high prices for both. His third exhibition was without explosives and critics assumed that Epstein had become mellow. But his next public monument, a large memorial to the naturalist and bird lover, W. H. Hudson, disillusioned them. The sculpture, consisting of symbolic figures of birds and a highly imaginative conception of Hudson's Rima, the bird-woman, was unveiled in Hyde Park, and another storm was let loose. Newspapers condemned it and a movement was even started to have it removed. Police were called out to protect it from rioters and it has been smeared with paint, tar and feathers several times within the past year. His most recent work, decorative figures outside the London Underground Railway Company's St. James' Park station, has caused another row.

Through it all Epstein remains serenely indifferent. A short, muscular man of fifty, his hair now thin and his once fierce eyes calm and dreaming, he lives with his wife and daughter in a comfortable house in Bloomsbury. The great and the near great come to him seeking portrait busts. He often works ten hours a day, molding and chiseling. He never attends social functions. His only recreation is dining out in the evenings at a café, followed by talk and endless cigarettes. The controversies over his work he accepts with the patient tolerance of a man whose eyes are on the future. But if, as many seem to think with Epstein, his work is destined for eternity, its path will have been remarkably rough and exciting.

Twilight of the Metropolitan

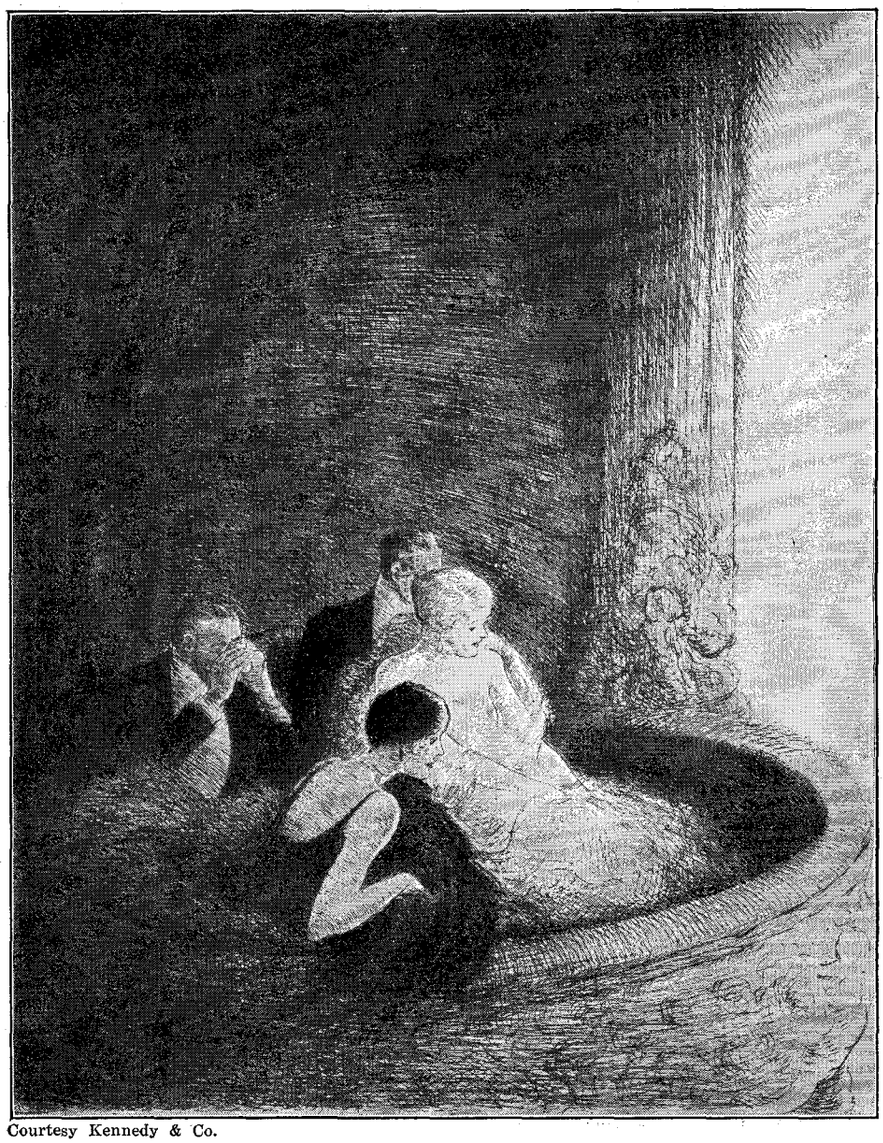
(Continued from Page 489)

no new operatic singers unless the creative art makes progress. There can be no progress in the field of creating new works for the lyric stage unless these works are produced and given again and again. Examine the repertoire of leading European opera houses and you will find new works by the score, not many of them popular successes, to be sure, but nevertheless works which achieve performances and repetitions from season to season. Were this not so there would be no new operas produced at the Metropolitan, for the Metropolitan has long since chosen its new operas from those approved abroad. Mr. Gatti did not include *Pelleas et Melisande* in his repertoire until several decades after it was written, when the opera had become virtually a matter of record. Even today Richard Strauss' *Salomé*, one of the outstanding operas of the past quarter of a century, is not in his list; to say nothing of *Ariadne* and *Elektra*.

The season passed with no performances of *L'Amore dei tre Re*, in many ways the finest new Italian opera since 1913. Why? Zandonai's *Francesca da Rimini*, too, has disappeared from the list, although it was apparent when it was heard here that its lack of popular success was based on the totally inadequate interpretation of the leading rôle by a soprano, no longer in the company. There is enough fine music in *Francesca da Rimini* to warrant its regular inclusion in the repertoire.

Jonny spielt auf came to a Metropolitan hearing the season before last and achieved considerable notoriety here, as it did abroad. Yet, not one of the operas of Franz Schreker has been produced here. That composer's *Die Gezeichneten* (The Marked Men), and *Der Schatzgrnaber* (The Treasure Digger), have, almost for a decade, held their place on European stages. Their significance in the development of contemporary opera seems unquestioned everywhere save here. Perhaps they are not imperishable masterpieces, but they would lend variety and have far more to recommend them than Korngold's *The Dead City*, happily dropped from the repertoire, Puccini's *La Rondine, Mignon, The Tales of Hoffman* and *Andrea Chenier*. And it is wise not to produce *Carmen* unless you have a Carmen!

THE hue and cry about producing operas by American composers has been loud. Mr. Gatti commissioned *The King's Henchman* and produced it for two seasons. He has since commissioned Mr. Taylor to write him another opera, which at times during the past year and a half has been *Gandle Follows His Nose, Street Scene* and now *Peter Ibbetson*. The Taylor opera was the first American opera in almost ten years. Announcement has been made of another American opera for the season after next, entitled *Merry Mount*, by Howard Hanson, to a libretto by Richard L. Stokes. Mr. Gatti is to be praised for his willingness to produce



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

THE LOGE
An etching by Grant Reynard

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▶▶In This Issue◀◀

ROBERT CRUISE MCMANUS is a former member of the staff of the New York *Sun* and the New York *Herald-Tribune*. Mr. McManus has also been a political correspondent in Washington, and accompanied President Hoover on his good will tour of South America.

ALLEN RAYMOND is a member of the staff of the New York *Herald-Tribune* and specializes in industrial conditions. He has recently returned from an extensive tour of investigation into economic conditions in various parts of the country.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL was formerly a European foreign correspondent and is now editor of the *Theatre Guild Magazine*. He is also the author of *The Imperial Dollar*.

The author of "Twilight of the Metropolitan" is a well known musical critic and journalist. Although for personal reasons he prefers to remain anonymous, the author has been a keen observer of things musical in this country and abroad for the past twenty-five years.

▶▶Next Week◀◀

Prohibition; Born of War, by Henry Alan Johnston.

Prohibitionists never tire of asserting that the Eighteenth Amendment is "the expressed will of the people," and that the election of Mr. Hoover constituted a referendum on the question. The author, however, denies this claim and maintains that prohibition is the result of the mass thinking which governed the United States during the War. The prohibitionists, Mr. Johnston declares, under the leadership of the late Wayne B. Wheeler, took advantage of the hysterical state of the public mind to push their favorite cause. That the entire process of proposing, enacting and ratifying the Eighteenth Amendment required less than thirteen months is eloquent evidence of their success.

Justice: California Brand, by Duncan Aikman.

Fourteen years ago this month the explosion of a bomb at a Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco resulted in the conviction and life imprisonment of two labor agitators, Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings. Today, in spite of the fact that testimony of five of the six most important witnesses has been discredited and that the trial judge and nine of the ten surviving jurors have expressed their belief in their innocence, Mooney and Billings remain in jail. Mr. Aikman describes the history of this famous case and the political influences which so far have succeeded in keeping the two defendants behind bars.

Laureate of the Obvious, by John Bakeless.

Only two modern poets have succeeded in making a living out of poetry. One of them is Alfred Noyes. The other is Edgar A. Guest, poet of the humble virtues, mother love and Rotarian service. True to these virtues "Eddy" Guest started his career as office boy on the Detroit *Free Press*. Were it not for the unreasonable veto of Governor Groesbeck, he would now be Poet Laureate of the State of Michigan. The author describes the career and verse of the only American poet to make profits out of platitudes.

A Citizen Looks at Politics, by Maynard D. Follin.

Although the newly created League for Independent Political Action, sponsored by Professor John Dewey of Columbia, marches under the banner of reform, the author does not believe that it or any independent party will be successful in restoring political power to the people. We have already had too many "reforms." Irrespective of their merit they have all resulted in taking the voting power from the people and giving it to the politicians. The creation of additional parties, platforms or leagues merely serves to complicate the issue. The remedy lies in simplifying political issues.

works by native composers, and to have sponsored during his régime operas by Parker, Converse, Cadman, Breil, de Koven, Hugo, Herbert and Hadley. But the Metropolitan cannot be said to offer much incentive to an American composer if he has to console himself with an absurd fee of $50 a performance which does not cover the cost of having the orchestral parts and score copied. On the other hand there are many foreign operas for which $400-500 are paid.

Perhaps some of the criticism leveled at the Metropolitan during the season just past will have its effect. Perhaps Mr. Gatti and his advisers will realize that the theatre of today has undergone a great change; that staleness and routine are rapidly disappearing; that freshness and imagination, unorthodox and untraditional, are making themselves felt. There was a time when the group known as the Theatre Guild blazed a path in New York's dramatic entertainment. Today that organization, stultified by its success, wastes its time on bagatelles and rejects the outstanding play of the season, Mr. Connelly's *The Green Pastures*, because it has not the courage of what was once a glorious conviction.

This is a day of forward thinking, of keen vision. A Metropolitan season that gives us no significant new work, no new singer of brilliant achievements, is fulfilling neither its duty to its public nor to itself. It is still part of the social life of New Yorkers to attend the Metropolitan opera. Those who direct its destinies should maintain this tradition. They should revise and refurbish its offerings so that the Metropolitan will be worthy of a new home when its directors finally choose one for it.

Before sailing for his summer abroad Mr. Gatti-Casazza issued his annual statement, which revealed little that was startling. Mr. Taylor's opera, already spoken of for next season, was officially announced; also a new opera by Felice Lattuada, a young Italian composer, based on Molière's play, *Les Precieuses Ridicules*. A new French coloratura soprano, Lily Pons, a new American coloratura soprano, Beatrice Belkin, a French tenor, George Thil, a Norwegian bass, Ivar Andresen, an Italian-American baritone, Claudio Frigerio, two other sopranos, Myrna Sharlow, formerly of the Chicago Opera, and Olga Didur, daughter of the Metropolitan bass, Adamo Didur, complete the list.

Our only comment on such an announcement, desirous as we were of being amazed and thrilled, is to report that all still seems to be quiet on the Metropolitan front. After the season just completed it would not have been amiss for the Metropolitan to furnish us with an announcement a bit more startling.

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Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of July 26, 1950

Governor Wilder in his inaugural attributed the tremendous influx of population into the State of Hawaii to the fact that for several decades all billboard advertising had been barred from the Islands.

The cornerstone of the 97-story Capone Building, Chicago, was laid Tuesday. Sealed in the stone were tools used by the founder of the Capone fortunes in his early years, among them the sawed-off shotgun which was Col. Capone's constant companion.

The Industrial Saccharine Co. entered suit this week against the Commercial Sweets Corporation for alleged infringement of their basic patent on the extraction of sugar from second hand news-print.

An interrupted psychographic message picked up by the Mt. Everest receiving station indicates a continuance of the violent empyrean Houdini-Doyle controversy, started in 1930.

▶▶◀◀

Pink Whiskers in Illinois

(Continued from Page 485)

regulations which may bear upon the subject, these regulations and laws to be left solely and wholly to the local community in which they are to be enforced and wherein the individuals on whom they operate reside."

Last spring, stepping into a campaign against a dry opponent, he put it this way: "The issue is whether the American is a free man to use his will subject to just law in governing his life."

But we must return to the Senatorial days.

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt made his famous attempt to organize a division for service in France, the brave soldier of the *Harper's Weekly* photograph enrolled therein as an officer. Mr. Wilson squashed the plan, but Ham got his chance anyway when the Senate Finance Committee sent him abroad to observe the movement of supplies. A bullet scratched his forehead at Chateau-Thierry and King Albert of Belgium offered him a decoration, which he had to refuse, as a United States Senator. It must have broken his heart.

Only a few weeks later he was a hero

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again when the home-bound troop ship Mount Vernon, on which he was a passenger, was torpedoed.

"Senator Lewis smoothed his tie," says the story, "and aided the wounded."

There was just one blot on the glistening record of that whole adventure. Emerging from an interview with Clemenceau, he had confided to the press that the Tiger was predicting the end of the War within a year. The next day it was announced that: "Premier Clemenceau cannot be held responsible for uncontrolled statements of well-intentioned and honorable visitors more or less familiar with the nuances of the French language." This was the second subtle Gallic assault on his reputation as a man of culture, for back in 1911, after he had addressed in French the Paris Geographic Society, he was requested to speak another time, but in English, "because of your well-known mastery of that tongue."

He was not to be brought down by such sniping, however, and had scarcely stepped off the train back in Washington before he was moving through the boulevards beneath a cream-colored silk topper.

The end of his term was drawing near and he had announced his forthcoming retirement when the President, whose loyal defender he had always been, asked him to run again. He consented and lost.

This was the time Wilson made his historic plea for a Democratic Congress, which the electorate so rudely rejected. Nevertheless, in spite of the nation-wide collapse of the Democracy, Lewis trailed Medill McCormick by only 50,000 votes, with the rest of the Illinois ticket going Republican by 200,000. He still blames his defeat on the influenza, for by the time he started his belated campaign, Governor Lowden had closed all public halls because of the danger of infection. Before that, McCormick had been campaigning for several months.

So, in those last few months, we find him fighting Wilson's battles on the floor against the strengthening opposition of Lodge, Knox, Borah and Reed, whom he accused of trying to make way for the presidential candidacy of Roosevelt while Wilson was abroad. The League of Nations was emerging as the great issue and J. Ham stoutly supported it until it loomed as an international policeman with military and naval force behind it, when he withdrew, after explaining his position to the President. Mr. Wilson, recognizing his previous loyalty, offered him the ambassadorship to Belgium, which he refused.

It is not until the Democratic National Convention of 1920 that we hear of him again.

"My friends in Illinois," he said, "have been good enough to thrust me forward for the vice-presidency."

The thrust failed, as did another a few weeks later, when he entered the race for Governor of Illinois against Len Small, Bill Thompson's henchman. Though there was an independent Republican in the field and the Chicago *Tribune* and Chicago *Evening Post* left the party to back Lewis, Small—who was indicted almost immediately thereafter—emerged with half a million majority. So in 1926 the veteran politician, asked by the better element to run independently for senator against the late George Brennan and Frank Smith, stayed on the sidelines.

SINCE 1918 his appearance in the public prints has been spasmodic. He has been an unofficial observer at Lausanne, a negotiator of foreign loans, and a representative of American claimants in Germany and Russia, a rescuer of three ladies caught in a Paris Royalist riot. From time to time he has put forth pronunciamentoes to the effect that the Versailles Treaty ought to be revised in favor of fair play to Germany, that we ought to recognize Russia, that isolation is wrong, that national political committees ought to be abolished, that there would be a third party in 1926, that Wilson, or Champ Clark, or Hearst, or McAdoo, or Al Smith ought to be President, that booze-buzzing women and men who frequent golf clubs are sending this country to the dogs and that the name of James Hamilton Lewis for Vice-President would look well on the ticket with William Gibbs McAdoo because "one uses a razor and one does not."

Now he is back in the ring again, facing an opponent whom no other could handle quite so well as he. That is, if she is to be handled at all.

"Throw Ruth out of the window," once said her husband, Medill, "and she'll come back again and apologize for having fallen out."

Two years ago, running for Congresswoman at large, Ruth Hanna McCormick rolled up the largest majority any one seeking that office ever gained in Illinois, the third most populous state in the union. This spring, matched against Senator "Next-week Charlie" Deneen, she gave him the worst whipping ever sustained by a candidate for the Republican senatorial nomination. Deneen had beaten her husband in 1924 just a short time before his death and she was set to knock her rival clear out

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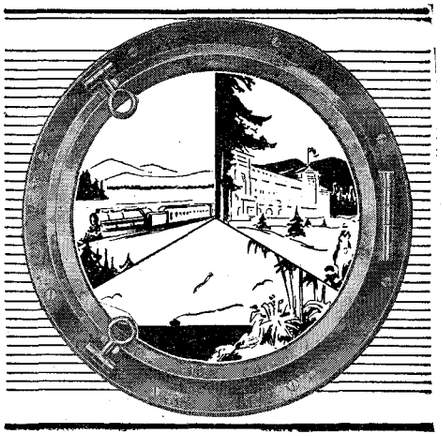

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EVA R. DIXON *Director*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

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of politics. The Congresswoman's job was just a step toward that end—ever since 1928 she has been campaigning

Underwood

"That garrulous rainbow"

for the senatorship, and her time spent in the House of Representatives, where she got $10,000 a year for helping to pass the nation's laws, totalled something like two weeks. She learned her politics at Mark Hanna's knee and at sixteen was ringing cowbells in Ohio village streets to get crowds for his speeches. She is a tireless campaigner, a whoop-her-up, hello-sister, vote-for-me-boys politician who gets her votes where she can. In the primaries she carried Cicero, the shrine of gangland, by 2 to 1.

But her steam-roller has always been fired with the fuel of opposition to the World Court and the adroit James Hamilton tipped it into a ditch with the announcement that he is against the World Court too (who wouldn't be with a redcoat under every bush in Chicago?) and the only issue between them is prohibition.

"I am both personally and politically dry," Mrs. McCormick said once. But since the primaries she hasn't said hardly anything, merely promising a "statement" later in the summer. The ten year old problem has become suddenly new to her, as it has to many an office-seeker of late, for prohibition is at last struggling out into the open. In the pre-campaign maneuvering, the Republicans are sounding out the possibilities of putting a referendum on the ballot, which would relieve their candidate of declaring herself until after Election Day, but the state has already registered its emphatic wetness in two referenda and any further attempt along these lines is so palpably an attempt to dodge that even the electorate would recognize it. Meanwhile, J. Ham is doing his best to help out by explaining that Mr. Morrow in New Jersey "copied" his, Lewis' wet plank, and that he did it "doubtless after consultation with his chief, Mr. Hoover."

The wet issue is not, of course, the only one, for no campaign is ever fought on such clear-cut lines. There is the question of the decline of prosperity, especially in regard to the Farm Board's failure to make the farmer a suddenly wealthy fellow, and the fact that Mrs. McCormick seeks an office never before held by a woman. If the business depression fails to lift by November, the first will undoubtedly react in Lewis' favor, while the second remains a problem which only a Frenchman could solve.

Candidate Lewis, who voted for woman suffrage, announces himself as anxious that they should prove worthy of the trust he put in them, but says he cannot overlook the many instances where women in political conflicts insisted that men should treat them as ladies, while they failed to treat their opponents as gentlemen. He raises his eyebrows at the thought that any lady would introduce the sex question in a senatorial campaign and concludes that "any woman will be treated by me as I have always tried to treat a woman who on her side stands for nobility and upon a plane of refined honor. So long as she maintains such a standard, I hope to maintain this position."

Mrs. McCormick, declaring herself "off the fashion page forever," is gamely struggling to have the sex issue ignored, but it is certain that it will not be. We hear that her excessive personal expenditure in the primary is regarded as "vanity." There is a story of a luncheon of nineteen influential Chicago women who voted for her sixteen to three for the nomination but find themselves now solidly against her; another of an intra-office prohibition poll taken in her Chicago headquarters which went 20 to 1 wet. There is the tale that Mayor Thompson, who wanted only to get Deneen out of the way, will give her merely lukewarm support. There are signs of defection in the state organization, rumblings against Governor Emmerson, moans from the defeated Deneenites.

But the solid, unassailable fact of Illinois' normal Republicanism would still make her an odds-on favorite even if she weren't the skyrocket campaigner that she is. Though she is tinkering with the machinery now, she will be out on the road soon enough, whistling up and down the state and leaning out of the back of her car to shake the hand of every bashful hunky who stumbles forward.

So James Hamilton goes into what is probably his last campaign, considerably less radiant externally than in the days when he was the Lew Dockstader of Congress, but with an even nimbler wit. Behind his whiskers he remains as enigmatic as ever, a dazzling performer, a connoisseur of effort who bothers to take a trick only when he is fascinated by the color of the card. It is whispered that among his thousand activities he has even written a novel or two, anonymously, which seems not impossible, for his own character is a kind of fictitious concoction.

There is one more story about him which must be told before this is brought to a close. In a country hotel once he was served by a waitress who took small stock in the elaborate formality of his manners.

"Don't hand me that, mister," she told him. "I've been kidded by experts."

Experts?

Flight from High Wages

(Continued from Page 500)

to better themselves.

This article is in no sense an attack on American industrialists as heartless exploiters of cheap southern labor. The writer has been through numerous new mill villages in the South, and has found them apparently better places in which to live than are many of the slums which house northern workmen. There is a great deal of benevolent paternalism in Dixie's rising industry to counterbalance many charges which have been brought in recent years against it.

This article seeks to call attention to

Ewing Galloway

Street corner in the business section of Charlotte, North Carolina

the fact that because there exists this vast reservoir of pauper labor in the South, industry is at present marching

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southward to take advantage of it. The flight from high wages is under way, regardless of theories about the necessity for maintaining American buying power. Unemployment and lower wage scales in the North are its inevitable accompaniment.

The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics shows in its tables for 1929 how drastically the common labor of the South undersells the northern. Common laborers in southern saw mills were paid an average of $.219 cents an hour in 1928, as against a northern wage of $.401. Common labor in foundries obtained $.285 an hour in the South in 1927, and $.495 in the North. Common labor in naval establishments maintained by the United States Government was paid $.36 an hour in 1929, as against $.56 in the North.

Naturally the first industries moving southward have been those requiring mostly unskilled or semi-skilled toilers. They are obtainable from 40 to 50 per cent cheaper than are similar workers in the older industrial regions.

But skilled labor—even organized labor, capable of some degree of self-protection through collective bargaining—is likewise cheaper in the South than the North. Southern trade union wages average fourteen per cent lower than northern. The bricklayers' union was the only one listed in 1929 in the *Monthly Labor Review* as able to maintain the same wage scale in leading southern cities that it did in large northern ones.

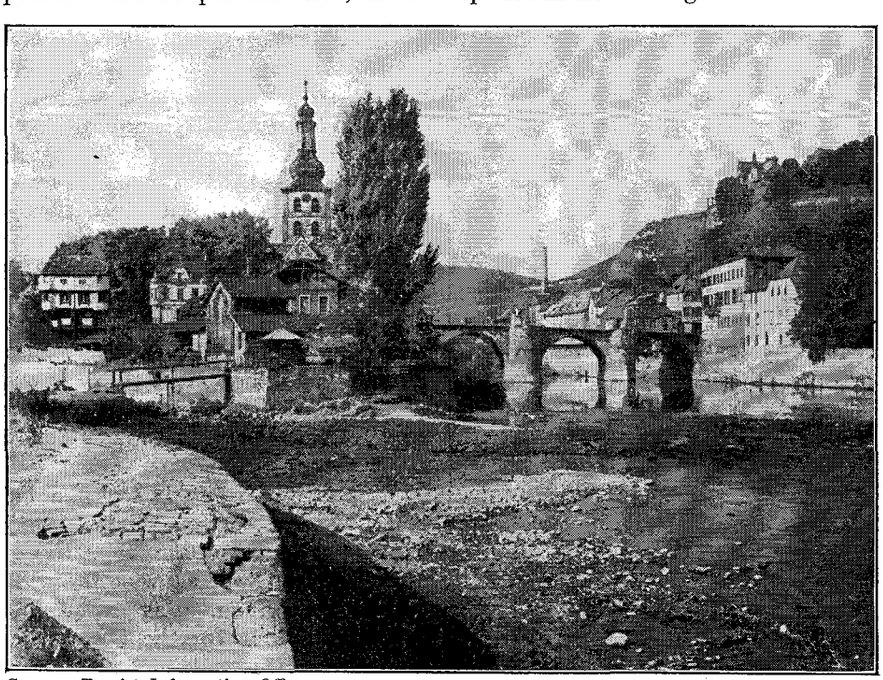
Southern carpenters earn 25 per cent less than northern; book and job compositors earn 11 per cent less; newspaper compositors earn 12 per cent less; plumbers 10 per cent less and plasterers 10 per cent less. Hourly rates for employees in southern railroad shops in 1927 were 11 per cent lower than those in northern. Rates for southern railroad section hands were 20 per cent less than the northern.

Such is the wage differential drawing industrial capital southward. In spite of the fact that the nation's leading economists agree high wages are essential to American prosperity, capital flows to that spot where wages are lowest.

Business in the United States today is seriously ill. It suffers an ailment far more deep seated than temporary lethargy; far more vital than a brief and transitory discomfort, such as might be the result of over-stuffing on profits, or from indulging in an orgy of speculation.

American business suffers because a considerable portion of the nation's people, concentrated in one solid area, have been left in ignorance and poverty for two-thirds of a century. These are the masses in southern agriculture. Their standards of living have not been "modern American standards." Their wage standards today are under-selling "American" labor.

From now on, increasingly through the next few years, while capital lifts the level of southern living, wage earners elsewhere are to find the business of gaining a livelihood more difficult than it has been in the years just past. General business prosperity itself is to be more difficult of attainment until there has been a considerable evolution upward in the low wage South.



German Tourist Information Office

KREUZNACH, GERMANY

A little health resort on the Nahe River which dates back to Roman times

Deutschland über Alles

(Continued from Page 487)

fire. So long as the democratic parties rule in Berlin, Germany will refrain from encouraging any nation to upset the balance.

This gives additional security to the present democratic régime. For its very weakness is a source of strength. If it is in danger of being overthrown by the right or the left it can say to France and Britain (as it has said often hitherto) "You had better give us what we are asking for so that the German people will re-elect us. Trouble for us means trouble for you." Thus democratic Germany is strengthened both from within and from without. That is what Stresemann knew even in the darkest days of the Ruhr occupation. It is Stresemann's spirit which broods over the destinies of Republican Germany, as did Bismarck's over those of Imperial Germany.

German Tourist Information Office

St. Matthew's Abbey Church, Trier, Germany

Another spirit is with his. It is the spirit of Wall Street in its recent enlightened international manifestation. Owen D. Young is not least among the makers of modern Germany. Nor are the bankers who have underwritten more than a billion and a half dollars of American loans to Germany. Republican Germany is a good investment. More American money will follow as German trade expands. Thus subtly Wall Street exerts its influence over German policy; for Germany remains a good investment only so long as she seeks to maintain the steady keel. There is no doubt that Washington, in many indirect but effective ways, supports the present German régime.

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So re-emergent Germany is beginning to guide and dominate European history—more effectively than ever the Kaiser did. As long as Germany knows how to use her power to maintain the status quo, her future and that of Europe is secure for decades to come. But everything will go into the melting pot again if the nationalists and militarists come to power. They will immediately begin playing ball with Mussolini—and after that nobody can predict anything, except probably a lot of trouble.

From the left comes the other menace to the status quo. It is a mistake to imagine that Bolshevism has been confined within the limits of Soviet Russia. Throughout much of the Continent it looms mighty. In Germany the Communist party is today very strong indeed, and for the first time rigidly disciplined. There is only one way in which democratic Europe can keep Bolshevism safely on the other side of the Russian border, and that is by providing a minimum of the good life to its workers. German industry and commerce, now seeping in all directions, constitute the very blood of Europe. If Germany fails to sustain herself economically, all Europe will probably also fail. In economics as in politics, Germany is shaping the future of Europe.

Germany's hand is full of trumps. If German statesmen know how to play them wisely, or patiently to withhold them for the right trick, Europe's future for the next two or three decades looks very fair indeed. And history will only shrug her shoulders once again over the irony of a nation, crushed and maimed in war, emerging through the smoke of battle as the master of a continent.

A Very Human "Golf Machine"

(Continued from Page 502)

caromed off a tree into the marsh. Under the parallel water hazard ruling, Bob was entitled to play a second ball at a point opposite the spot where the first ball had entered the hazard.

The penalty cost Jones one stroke only. Personally I feel that the decision was fair, though certain disgruntled professionals were inclined to regard it as a "charitable interpretation." These dissenters believe that the incident should have been ruled a "lost ball," in view of conflicting testimony as to where the sphere landed. In that case Jones would have had to return to the tee, receiving a two stroke penalty, and drive over again. He would then have had to lay his next drive on the green to get a five.

In view of the local rule, however, the theory of "discrimination in Jones' favor" is not easy to substantiate. At all events the best man won, a majority of the "pros" were satisfied that they had been fairly dealt with, and the golf world at large was happy.

Jones clinched the title by dropping a forty footer on the home green—a dramatic climax worthy of Pinero. The line of that tremendous putt ran upgrade, the ball climbing from a lower "apron" to the cup terrace. Jones scorned safety first methods. He suspected that he might need that putt to win and struck it so boldy that it would have run yards past had his line been faulty. It was an exhibition of cold courage in a crisis testifying to morale worthy of such superlative skill.

Jones was a bedraggled sight as he dragged his feet up to the last green

Underwood

The human "golf machine"

on Friday afternoon. His clothes looked as though somebody had emptied a pail of water over his tousled head. He was obviously groggy; on the ragged edge of heat prostration.

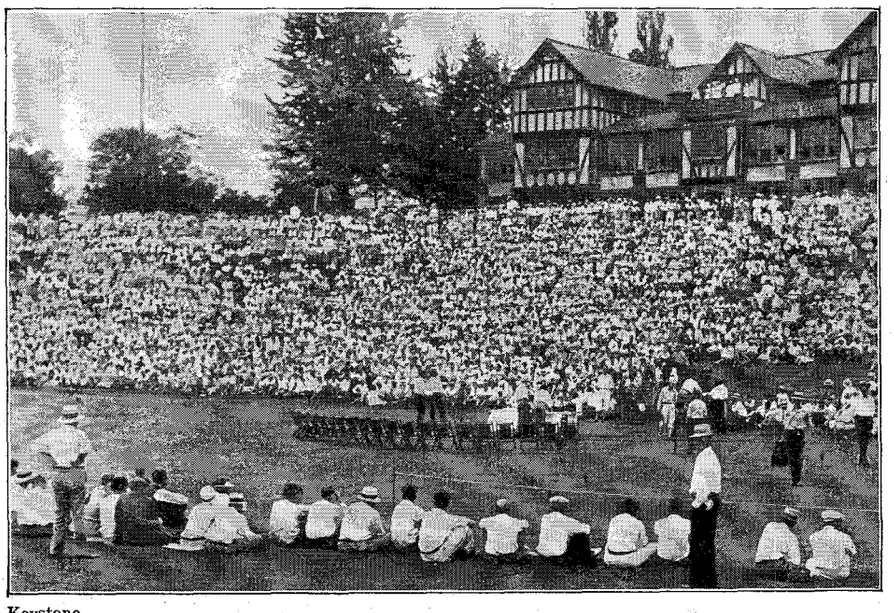
"I've been under greater mental tension many times," Jones said as locker room attendants cut his soaking tie from about his neck, "but I never suffered such physical punishment on a links before. For the first time in my tournament career I lost all interest in my score and thought only of reaching the end of the round."

Jones' second lap was featured by a unique incident at the long ninth hole, a dog-leg layout which bends gently about a lily-padded lake. This pond, projecting like a Flanders salient, juts into the fairway and guards the approach to the green.

The Atlantan's drive stopped some ten yards short of the lake. He took a spoon, his favorite implement, for what he intended as a high trajectory water carry to the buttressed carpet. Spectators saw an unusual sight. Bobby topped that spoon like a novice.

Shrill squeals from feminine throats as the viciously topped ball skimmed the lake like a hydroplane, ricocheted along the surface three or four times, churning up a tiny plume of spray, and finally skidded safely to the opposite bank, coming to rest in a grassy hollow below the green.

In your youth you've scaled a flat stone across a pond to see how many times you could make it skip. It looked as though Jones were trying to do the same thing, using a golf ball instead of a stone. Spin kept the rubber core from plunging into the water. If you must top a shot, top it as Bobby Jones did, without reservations.



Keystone

Awaiting the presentation of the cup to Bobby Jones after he won the American Open

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With Our Readers

Shabby Journalism

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Waupaca, Wis.*

SIR—Being more or less liberal in my own attitudes, I have followed happily your editorial policy during the past year or so, and have smiled with you at those who, in the "With Our Readers" column, bewail your radicalism. I enjoy, with you, in taking an occasional editorial tug at conservative coat tails, and with you I enjoy a liberal attitude of thought.

In all your recent biographies I have traced no narrow prejudice, although many of your readers have criticized those biographies quite harshly at times. Thus I was surprised to see one of your biographers hurl scornful words at the radical press of this country in the biography of E. Haldeman-Julius. I would have expected it in the biography of some one who had worked for Hearst, or for the fat, conservative press.

That phrase, "the usual shabby Socialist stuff" is a bit too thick to stomach, when one has seen starving Socialist sheets make a sincere effort to inject genuine culture into the papers read by the working people.

While well-financed papers have filled their feature sections with canned features of one kind or another, the Milwaukee *Leader*—to use Mr. Adamic's own reference—has insisted on capable writing about local museums, local galleries, critical evaluations of local shows. In no newspaper office in Milwaukee is good writing so appreciated as at the *Leader*.

Much radical journalism is cheap and shabby, I agree, but probably because immigrant labor best understands direct appeals in monosyllabic diction. The "usual shabby stuff" in American journalism today is found largely in syndicate offices, press association reports, and in the best financed journals of our cities—in other words, pretty much anywhere one may care to look for it. The salary scale and political slant seem to have very little to do with quality of writing.

JOHN BURNHAM.

Poverty or Pensions

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Pueblo, Col.*

SIR—As a reader of the Outlook for the last twenty-five years I have been rather surprised at your narrow selfish ideas in regard to veterans' legislation and compensation. You call it passing the pie, also that veterans get all they can squeeze out of politicians. This attitude seems motivated only by a desire to save yourselves and some of your income paying subscribers a few dollars.

Have you yourselves investigated the true conditions of our veterans bureau and pension laws? Can you yourselves definitely say that our veterans dying in poverty of mental disorders, tuberculosis and osteomalitis did or did not contract these diseases in service? Tuberculosis specialists have told me that it takes from five to twenty years for tuberculosis to take effect, depending on the natural resistance to the disease. Can the eminent physicians who advised Mr. Hoover definitely state what the exact effect of war is on any one suffering from lowered resistance and mental disorders? Is it the wish of the majority of patriotic Americans that the heroes of twelve years ago should die in poverty and want or that they shorten their lives by worry because their families are in need?

No one claims perfection for the veterans legislation, but to openly insult the majority of our senators and congressmen who voted for this measure is stupidity itself. These men know the conditions that exist, they voted knowing they may have erred on the side of generosity, but I do not believe they voted for the benefit of the comparatively few soldiers' votes any more than I believe the President vetoed the measure for the votes of the tax payers.

My case is typical of many who would have benefited by the measure which was defeated and also by the pension bill which has been passed. I entered the army May 8, 1917, an athletic, strong youngster. I served until Feb. 19, 1919, during which time I played football, polo, as well as trained for active war. In the summer of 1919 my health failed; three months rest and I was better and able to work. In 1921, 1924 and 1926 I was each year under the care of physicians who advised a complete rest. Again in 1927 I completely broke down with tuberculosis and have been unable to work since.

I am ineligible for compensation. I shall never reach your pension age of 62. The sacrifices of a mother who sent three sons to be officers in our army in 1917 have enabled me to carry on. Perhaps those not so fortunate as myself should be shot or sent to another war. Suggestions from your paper are in order.

ALDEN F. BRODT.

Some Results of the Tariff

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Salem, Ore.*

SIR—"Is the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Bill going to better the economic condition of the United States or not" is one of the biggest questions facing the citizens of this country outside of the time worn prohibition issue.

From a Northwesterner's point of view it is not. Can we prohibit the sale of foreign-made goods in our country by a high protective tariff and still expect foreigners to buy our produce? The answer is that the lumber business in the Northwest was in a wonderful condition until the lumber users of the world found out that there was no market in the United States for their products. They then turned to other producers for their lumber where there was also a market for their goods.

In one large mill on the Oregon coast they were loading from eight to ten ships a week with lumber for export. Today they are loading two a week and some weeks none at all. On account of this many logging camps have not opened up, mills are only working one four-hour shift and naturally a shortage in work for men who need it to support themselves and their families has resulted.

The lumber industry is not the only one that has been hurt by this tariff situation. Fishing in the Northwest and on the New England coast is a big industry and Europe used to buy great quantities of our fish. Now Europe has turned to Canada to buy fish and by doing this has caused another group of men to be turned loose in the United States without work.

Wheat prices in the United States are at rock bottom. This can't be definitely laid to Europe's buying wheat from South America, Canada, Southern Europe, and Australia, but it has a lot to do with it. When the farmer doesn't get good prices for his wheat it is a plain fact that business conditions in wheat growing sections are going to be poor.

The tariffs are high enough now to hurt business. Why raise them in order to follow the policy of the present administration? It will take years to regain what we have lost in the last few years, but a start is better than nothing.

STANLEY W. PRICE.

What? No Complex?

To the Editor of Outlook and Independent: *Chicago*

SIR—The article entitled "Pseudoanalysis" by Dr. Menninger contains the following statement: "Every one has an Oedipus complex—an occasional desire for release from mature existence, and a return to the peace of the womb or the crib." This assertion impresses me as so amazing that, if the writer of the article will permit my saying so, it ought hardly to be set up in type without some proof to support it.

I willingly confess that I am so ignorant in this field that hitherto I had not even been aware that a normal human being could possess such an abnormal complex. If I may so put it, the reading of the sentence in question made me fairly bristle with skepticism, so much so in fact that the thought came to me that if one were provided with the requisite fund and allowed sufficient time, it would be possible to discover a few hundred millions at least among our globe's inhabitants outside of insane asylums who are utterly devoid of such an amazing complex . . .

C. H. IBERSHOFF.

Lusty Liberalism

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—I am one of those who are entertained and instructed by the attacks upon the lusty liberalism of your paper. The impulse to write and actually mail a communication to a publication is usually aroused in a moment of anger, irritation, ignorance, or imbecility. Your friends, however, can do more than renew their subscriptions. They can and should take the trouble to praise your aggressive, well-balanced, intelligent, and intelligible editorial content. I am with you. Let others go on record, too.

ROBERT WILSON BRUCE.

Sad Commentary on Democracy

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *St. Louis, Mo.*

SIR—I think your analysis of the prohibition situation is sound. Unfortunately, in our form of government, things that are presumed to be democratic in the matter of representation, do not always work out in this fashion.

It is all well and good for the legislatures of the various states to have passed such a law, but it is quite another thing to have their view point reflect the opinion of the majority of the people. They are elected by the people and are presumed to speak for them, but unfortunately, in many cases, an organized minority can influence them so that they do not represent a majority of the people.

The citizens of this nation have never, by direct vote, approved the Eighteenth Amendment. The nearest thing to a direct vote, is the Literary Digest Straw Vote—but a straw vote in a republic is a sad commentary on our democracy.

JOHN RING, JR.

Liquor and Life Insurance

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *San Francisco*

SIR—In your issue of July 2 Mr. Edwin H. Van Deusen criticizes my previous letter. Being a life insurance actuary I am fully aware that insurance companies do not expect those who drink alcoholic liquors to live as long as those who do not. These are great expectations arising out of classing together drinkers of spirits and drinkers of wine and beer. Few people recall that the original mortality tables were prepared when life was very different from what it is today.

. . . The Chaplain of Dartmoor, England's largest penal establishment, once stated that the overwhelming majority of his long-term charges had been life-long total abstainers. The plea of drunkenness so often urged is frequently untrue. If sentences were increased on that plea, we should soon hear a different story. The moderate drinker of wine and beer, like Jesus, is moderate in all things. Excessive meat-eating will produce evil results more fatal than excessive drinking. All excess is bad. Dr. Cortis the champion amateur cyclist killed himself before he was thirty. Dr. W. G. Grace the champion amateur cricketer was playing at seventy.

Here is an interesting experience of personal acquaintance. In 1887 three friends around thirty years of age presented themselves together as candidates for a ten year tontine in a large New York life insurance office. The medical examiner rejected the two non-smoking moderate drinkers and accepted the dry smoker. The accepted one died soon after paying his second premium. The other two are still alive and hard at work, having had no illness in the interval.

Another large insurance company made the experiment of accepting during six months all comers without any medical examination and also allowing them a discount of fifteen per cent off ordinary full life rates in respect of saving in overhead. There was a rush to the headquarters of this office of all the rejected of other offices, including our two above-mentioned friends. $10,000,000 of policies were issued during that six months and the class segregated in the books of the company. It has turned out to be the most profitable class in the office and the envy of other offices lacking similar pluck. Thus insurance companies make mistakes both as regards individuals and in averages.

Dr. Emerson's article in this same issue (of July 2) should be read by Mr. Van Deusen and all who think like him. It is one of the most enlightening articles ever written on the subject.

EDGAR SIMPSON.

Land of the Free

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *London, Ontario*

SIR—I have read with much interest and amusement the many letters addressed to you—some of them so biased that I am tempted to say a few words, though possibly I have no right to expect recognition on your page known as "With Our Readers" for the reason that I am a proud citizen of the only country in the North American continent that has the sole right to be called free.

. . . We have up here in the "Garden of Eden,"

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Outlook and Independent Classified Section

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otherwise known as the province of Ontario, a government and Premier, who were big enough, and bold enough, to create and put on the statute books an act, known as the Liquor Control Act of Ontario, which from time to time is, and will be, improved as experience directs. Very few changes have yet been made because it "controls," and for fear that some of your millions of readers are unfamiliar with its workings, I shall briefly cite a few.

Every citizen of legal age, and of good repute can for two dollars secure a permit which enables him or her for one year to buy reasonable quantities at reasonable intervals, said purchases being recorded on the permit. Purchases can be made in any city in the province in which there is a government store. The goods so bought must be taken home immediately unopened, home applying also to those transients who have a bona fide registration in a duly qualified hotel. There the purchase can be used at pleasure in their registered bed rooms only. Woe betide those who are caught drinking anywhere else, even in another room in the same hotel, because if caught, they do not need a lawyer to defend them for the magistrate has one verdict for all, one hundred dollars and costs, or thirty days. This little tickler is handed out regardless of whether the man's name is Pussyfoot Johnston or Uknowme Smith. Any man caught driving under the influence gets seven days in cells, because even the Lord Chief Justice can't save him.

It has been my privilege to meet many Americans over here. If you want to see a really funny sight, just watch a party of American tourists coming out of a Government liquor store with a case of good beer, or a couple of bottles of pure Scotch in their arms. Watch the smile that won't come off—no fuss, no secrecy, no mystery, no humbug. I might here add that Americans are allowed the same privilege as we, but their permit lasts only one month. If they prolong their visit, another permit can be bought—again for two dollars.

It is time you put that Volstead Act into cold storage, and stop trying to fool yourselves that prohibition can be enforced. The passing of such an act is absolutely unChristian. Of course, our fanatical friends will gasp at this, but they will admit that among the many temptations that have beset the pathway of man from the days of Father Noah, spirituous liquors have always had a place. Will some writer of the letters that you are broad enough to print please give me one verse in the whole Bible where man is instructed to remove temptation from man?

Just one more thought in conclusion. Can you or any of your many readers, conceive of a more humiliating condition than that of your country of one hundred and twenty millions of people, amply supplied with brains, by Federal enactment amending its constitution and after years of fruitless and costly efforts at enforcement, asking a friendly neighbor, Canada, to pass a law forbidding her people to export liquor to you, because you are not big enough, nor strong enough, to keep it out. Our government very kindly but foolishly did so—you won the War, but you could not, and cannot, keep out that particular commodity which apparently so many of your people think they want.

E. R. S.

The Man Behind the Gun

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Charleston, S. C.*

SIR— . . . Very fair and enlightening things have appeared in The Outlook, notably Stolberg's article and Henry F. Pringle's Review of Wister and Roosevelt; but, with all their power, less impressive than Lorimer's article on "Prohibition," which, while only an editorial of 761 words, stands the storm of Stolberg's 7000. I like The Outlook, for, while it is too extreme in its denunciation of textile conditions in the South, it may help to correct them and, in the main, it can be put down to "Imagination's noble waste" in discovering where the shoe pinches.

I am sincerely sorry that as brilliantly conducted a weekly as The Outlook should adopt anything so stale, flat and unprofitable as Morrow's warmed-over dish of Smith's food for thought, with regard to the liquor question. Of course, I realize that when a man of Morrow's type takes up Al Smith's remedy, as Admiral Erben declared long years ago: "It's the man behind the gun." But then the gun, in this case, is such a blunderbuss!

No scheme of handling the liquor question, so far reaching my notice, is entirely devoid of some element of prohibition. No discussion of the problem has ever disclosed, to me, what I regard as its cause. I don't altogether approve of Lorimer's editorial. No referendum is appropriate; the constitutional way is the only way; but Lorimer is nearer Aesop's sun than all the other "windy ways of men."

THEO. D. JERVEY.

A Sad End

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Britt, Iowa*

SIR—When I was a boy my father had a bull that would go wild when a red rag was waved before him, and he would butt his head against any object that stood in his way, and finally killed himself butting a tree in his blind rage.

You wets are like that bull; the Literary Digest has waved the red flag of the prohibition straw vote before you and now you are running around blind mad, bellowing for blood (you say, "Real enforcement in the face of such numbers means Civil War") and butting your heads against the stone wall of the Eighteenth Amendment, and sure as you live, you will kill your fool selves over the matter.

G. W. EGGLESTON.

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